



# THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM



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## EVENTS OF THE WEEK

**M**R. LLOYD GEORGE delivered two remarkable speeches at the annual meeting of the National Liberal Federation at Yarmouth on Friday of last week. The first was concerned almost entirely with the policy which the Liberal Party will pursue in the event of a deadlock between the three parties at the coming General Election. Speaking after consultation with other Liberal leaders (including Sir John Simon) and expressing their "collective opinion," Mr. Lloyd George said that if no party secures a majority over the other two, the largest party should take office. "If Liberals have the largest party they will form an administration and submit their policy and their programme of work to the judgment of Parliament and the country. And if they are turned out by a combination of Tories and Socialists they will know what to do." Similarly, either of the other parties should form a Government if they secured the largest number of members. Difficulty would only arise in the event of a complete deadlock in Parliament. In that event "the King's Government must be carried on." "We are neither Socialists nor Tories, but Liberals, and as such are equally opposed to both, and have no particular preference for either." And therefore our task will be to minimize the amount of mischief which either could do. "We cannot, of course, whatever befall us, enter into any understanding, formal or informal, with another party, under any circumstances, to advance measures or policies in which we disbelieve"—e.g., Protection or Socialism.

"But I am not blind to the fact," continued Mr. Lloyd George, "and I even rejoice in it, that even if

a Liberal Government were not obtainable in the next Parliament... there is a vast and fertile territory common to men of progressive minds in all parties which they could, at any rate during this interval, agree to cultivate together without abandoning any of the principles and ideals which they cherish. But under these circumstances the conditions of co-operation and understanding must be honourable to all and humiliating to none."

That was the gist of what Mr. Lloyd George had to say. It was well said, and it was all that could usefully be said at this juncture.

\* \* \*

Mr. Lloyd George's second speech was devoted mainly to the Government's foreign policy, and constituted a very grave and weighty indictment of the weakness and incompetence which has recently been displayed over such issues as disarmament, Rhineland evacuation, and the Anglo-French pact. A delegate who was present gives his impression of the speech and its reception on another page of this issue.

\* \* \*

We are still awaiting the text of the naval compromise, but its implications, as we point out more fully in another column, continue to overshadow the whole field of international relations. In Germany, the Nationalists have naturally been making capital out of the revelations in the French and American Press, and have been attempting to give the impression that the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Reichstag has adopted the thesis that "Locarno is dead." The spokesmen of the People's Party have vigorously combated this assertion, and the nation shows no eagerness to be stampeded; but there is general dismay at the fact that, while the naval compromise, as such, has been wrecked, the concession to the French thesis

on the matter of trained reservists apparently holds good. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's speech to the German Committee for International Discussion (with the British Ambassador present) in which he declared that "the policy of Great Britain is not the policy of alliances with any certain set of nations," and his statement to the German Press that "the British nation did not stand for any policy aiming at the renewal of special alliances or a return to the balance-of-power system," should help to clear the air; but what is urgently required is an equally categorical statement by the British Government.

\* \* \*

The premature death of Governor Benjamin Strong of the New York Federal Reserve Bank at the age of fifty-one is a real misfortune. Governor Strong had been at the head of the Bank ever since the inception of the Federal Reserve System in 1914, and had been by far the most important guiding influence in the evolution of the system ever since. His integrity, independence, and real insight into the problems of his office have been of inestimable value, and there were very few, even in academic circles in the United States, who had thought more deeply—as witness his evidence before the Stabilization Committee of Congress two years ago—on the fundamental problems of the regulation of credit. The "open-market policy," which in the United States is now hardly less important than the discount rate, as a method of controlling credit developments, was in its present form largely his creation. We also lose in him a man of wide international sympathies, who was always ready to play a wise and generous part in alleviating monetary difficulties abroad, and a firm friend of this country. His peculiarly intimate relations with the present Governor of the Bank of England insured a measure of co-operation between the two institutions, without which our own currency problems would have been even more embarrassing. The question of the possible policy of his successor, not yet appointed, introduces a new element of doubt into the already dubious prospects of an effective international control of the price-level.

\* \* \*

The Royal Commission on the Police held its second and third public sessions on Monday and Tuesday of this week. On Monday Sir William Horwood, the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, gave evidence. His most notable contributions to the subject were perhaps his opinion that the special instructions issued by the Home Secretary as a result of the Savidge Case would be likely to defeat the ends of justice, and his emphatic statement that he would never hand over the entire charge of a case to a woman police officer, because he was sure she would not be competent to carry it through. In general, Sir William's evidence displayed a mentality which will reconcile the public to the loss of his services and the appointment of Lord Byng *pour encourager les autres*. Sir Leonard Dunning, an Inspector of Constabulary, who gave evidence on Tuesday, is obviously a man of a very different stamp, and it is noteworthy that in his opinion the fact that no one is bound to answer questions put by the police is not generally understood by the poorer classes, and that that is all the more reason for instructing the police not to presume on that ignorance. It was rather surprising, however, that Sir Leonard did not know the terms of the Home Secretary's instructions to the police which were the outcome of the Savidge Case.

\* \* \*

The joiners engaged in the shipbuilding industry have for some time been dissatisfied with their con-

ditions of employment, and a ballot is being taken by the joiners' trade union, the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers, of its members employed in the shipbuilding industry to determine whether strike action should be taken by the workers. The actual bone of contention is that when, in last March, the shipyard employers granted an advance in wages of 8s. per week to the shipbuilding workers, the joiners were excluded from this offer on the ground that the advance to other sections only brought those crafts up to the wage level of the joiners. The latter contend that their originally higher wage rates were a special concession to them on account of tool expenses. At present the average wage rate for shipyard joiners is £2 18s. per week of forty-seven hours. The Society of Woodworkers has further given notice to terminate the overtime and nightwork agreement to which it is a party, because of complaints that systematic overtime is being resorted to in some of the shipbuilding yards. The shipbuilding employers have asked the Union to meet them and see whether an amicable solution of the questions in dispute can be reached. Since, however, the overtime and nightwork agreement is subject to six months' notice on either side, and cannot be terminated until March 31st, 1929, little fear of an immediate breach on these questions exists.

\* \* \*

The Report of a Committee of the Liberal and Radical Candidates' Association, appointed in May, 1926, was made available on the eve of the N.L.F. Conference at Yarmouth. The Committee, of which Mr. F. C. Thornborough was Convener and Mr. F. K. Ogden Secretary, has gone very thoroughly into the various aspects of its problem, and has studied with especial care the working of the State management schemes in Carlisle and Gretna, and the progress of local option in Scotland. Its conclusions, which relate especially to "the legislative aspects of the problem" will be perused with much interest. They are, not unnaturally, unsensational in character, since, at this stage in the drink controversy, no proposal which is wholly novel would be likely to receive the support of a representative committee. They seem to represent, nevertheless, a definite advance on any proposals so far put forward. No line of temperance reform can be propounded, likely to find favour generally with reasonable-minded people, that does not involve some degree of compromise between apparently discordant "principles." Mr. Thornborough's Committee, in hacking its way through the jungle of complications—legal, administrative, political, ethical—which beset its problem, has kept more or less to the beaten track, but some new and interesting by-paths have been fruitfully explored.

\* \* \*

The principal recommendations of the Committee (summarized on pages 46-52 of its Report) are as follows: (1) The State is to give fourteen years' notice (as was proposed in the Licensing Bill, 1908) of its intention to resume its freedom of action in dealing with licences. (2) On the expiration of that period, the following reforms are to be carried out: (a) A reformed licensing system; (b) local option. (3) The reformed licensing system would imply a restoration of the full discretion of the licensing justices, the power to attach conditions to the renewal of licences, and the power of withdrawing redundant licences without compensation (subject to appeal). (4) During the notice period, the present system of licensing would continue, subject to provisions for facilitating the withdrawal of licences and

the collection of an adequate compensation levy. A Licensing Commission would be set up, empowered to approve reduction schemes and to allocate any surplus of the compensation levy to areas of redundancy. During the notice period local option would be operative: (a) in new housing areas; and (b) over Sunday trading in liquor. (5) After the expiration of the notice period, polls on a local option for no licence would be held, preferably in small areas, on requisition only. A 55 per cent. majority would be necessary in the first instance, to carry "no licence." A bare majority would be sufficient to retain or to repeal the resolution. The resolution would apply to clubs as well as to public houses. (6) The system of registration of clubs should be reviewed and power given "to secure adequate protection against the growth of undesirable clubs." (7) A more thorough instruction in temperance should be promoted in schools.

\* \* \*

The Australian strike drags on. It is becoming more and more evident that the unions are both divided one against the other and rent by internal fissures. Men ordered to strike have refused to come out; men ordered to return to work have defied their executive. An attempt to extend the strike to carters and drivers has failed; the Port Adelaide seamen have resolved to man inter-State steamers. The strike is clearly dying; but the permanent features of the emergency Act stand as a bar to any genuine, general settlement. As might have been expected, the result has been an increase in the number of attacks on volunteer workers and other acts of violence.

\* \* \*

Since the Greek Parliament refused, in 1926, to ratify the new Agreement concluded with Yugoslavia by the Pangalos Government as to the Free Zone at Salonika, there has been an element of tension in the relations between the two countries. As the result of a visit by M. Venizelos to Belgrade, this tension seems likely to be removed. The chief difficulty was the Yugoslav claim to partial control of the railway from Salonika to the frontier. The chief motive behind this claim was the desire to ensure full use of Salonika for the transport of munitions in time of war, and the Belgrade Government was anxious further to secure its position by a pact of friendship with Greece containing a mutual guarantee of benevolent neutrality in war. This would have conflicted with the pact that M. Venizelos has already concluded with Italy, and with those he proposes to contract with other States, and it is understood that he has persuaded Belgrade to withdraw its demand and to accept a simple pact of friendship and conciliation. It is now agreed that Yugoslavia shall reply within twenty days to the Greek proposals with regard to Salonika, and if it rejects them a Joint Commission shall be set up to settle all outstanding questions within a time limit of twenty-one days. A pact of friendship will then be signed simultaneously with the Salonika Agreement.

\* \* \*

As M. Venizelos is reported to have arrived at an understanding with Dr. Marinkovitch on all the chief points in dispute, it seems likely that both the Salonika Agreement and the pact will have a smooth passage, and they should have the result of easing very considerably the political tension in the Balkans. M. Venizelos has stated that he proposes to follow up this step by negotiating similar settlements with Turkey and Bulgaria, to the latter of whom he is prepared to offer every trade facility at Salonika short of a separate Free Zone.

Meanwhile, Belgrade has its own domestic problems to face. The Skupstina has reassembled; the Croat deputies continue to absent themselves, and will hold a separate sitting at Zagreb. The best news is that King Alexander has promised to visit Zagreb either on December 1st, the anniversary of the founding of the Triune Kingdom, or on December 17th, his birthday, and to reside there for a day or two. As the King is known to have been working hard for reconciliation between Croats and Serbs, this announcement has real significance.

\* \* \*

Sir John Simon and his colleagues of the Indian Statutory Commission have arrived in India and received a welcome at Poona that must have been disconcerting to the non-co-operators. The work of the Commission has begun at Poona with a "joint free conference," Sir John Simon presiding over all three wings—the Statutory Commission itself, the Central Legislature's Committee, and the Committee of the Bombay Legislative Council. The first witness examined—Mr. C. W. Turner, the officiating Chief Secretary of the Bombay Government—brought the Commission at once to grips with one of their most serious problems, by giving evidence as to the effect of communal representation in local bodies, in impairing the efficiency of administration.

\* \* \*

The German airship "Graf Zeppelin," which left Friedrichshafen on Thursday for the United States, arrived at Lakehurst on Monday, after a passage of 112 hours. The flight has excited extraordinary enthusiasm in Germany, where it has been regarded as a symbol of national resurgence, and the congratulatory telegram from President Coolidge to President Hindenburg, together with the sympathetic comments in the foreign Press, have given great satisfaction. Instructed opinion, however, is fully alive to the fact that the airship, as a means of regular communication, has still to make good its claims.

\* \* \*

In July a Social Science Research Training Committee was formed in this country with Sir Josiah Stamp as Chairman, supported by the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Layton, and Mrs. Sidney Webb, together with Mr. J. C. Cobb of the United States, and Mr. C. E. R. Sherrington as Secretary, to encourage the use of quantitative methods and analysis in research work in social science and economics. The first main objective was to award five scholarships of £60 each per annum, available for two years, to graduates of British universities. Applications from graduates of Toronto and Australia, as well as from those of Oxford, Cambridge, London, Glasgow, Leeds, and Wales, whose proposed subjects of study varied widely, have been received; from amongst these applicants the Committee has finally determined to award the scholarships as follows:—

Mr. Barrett Samuel, M.A., of the University of Wales, whose subject is "The international adjustment of monetary and banking systems and the proposals made since the War for the solution of the problem."

Mr. C. G. Clark, B.A., of Oxford, whose subject is "A statistical investigation into post-war unemployment in this country and its suggested causes."

Mr. T. H. Kelly, B.Com., of Birmingham, whose subject is "The size of the business unit."

Miss Nancy Emmerson, B.Com., of Leeds, whose subject is "The industrial trends in the West Riding during the last thirty years."

Mr. N. H. Hemsley, B.Com., of London, whose subject is "The utility of present banking statistics in the investigation of economic phenomena."



## HEADING FOR WAR

IT may be that the forthcoming White Paper will tell us little that we do not know already about the Franco-British naval-military deal. The deliberate leakage in Paris, which Mr. Robert Dell describes in a later article, has been carried so far that there may be little left to reveal. But when the process of disclosure has been completed by the official publication of the documents, we shall only reach the real beginning of the public discussion of this astonishing transaction. It is, we fear, an illusion to suppose that the affair is a mere blundering episode which has been closed by the unfavourable replies of the United States and Italy to the naval proposals. The Franco-British agreement represents a new and most dangerous departure of British policy, and the Government which has embarked on it will be quite capable of persisting with it, unless public opinion asserts itself in the most determined manner. Since the issues at stake involve no less than the likelihood both of another European war and of a British-American war, it is of the utmost importance that public opinion should concern itself with the matter very seriously and without delay.

The essence of the agreement is that our Government has offered our moral support to France in maintaining her military hegemony on the Continent in return for France giving us her moral support in our naval differences with the United States. To apply words once used by Charles James Fox, this is not the thing we would purchase and that is not the price we would pay. To get the French to back our case can never be the way to settle with America. As the OBSERVER has well said, "the line of communication between London and Washington cannot run through Paris." Nor is it really credible that the authors of the deal with France ever imagined that it could. It seems much more likely that they were thinking, not in terms of a settlement with America, but of a permanent estrangement; that they take for granted the inevitability of naval rivalry and increasing friction between the English-speaking Powers, and conclude that we must therefore for our safety draw nearer to France and abandon every element in our policy which is displeasing to her.

How else can the motives of the British Government be rationally explained? The bargain is, on the face of it, so one-sided. We get so little and give so much. We get one thing only which can be regarded from any standpoint as an object of British policy—French support for the proposition that light cruisers should be excluded from the scope of naval limitation. What an object of British policy, we may observe in passing! To insist that unlimited competition shall still be possible in certain kinds of armaments! Yet to attain this object, or rather to secure for the proposition a French support, which is patently useless if we entertain the idea of coming to terms with America, we display an extraordinary eagerness. Even within the naval sphere we make surprising concessions. We agree that the smaller submarines shall equally be

excluded from the scope of limitation, although it is not many years since we stood, as the United States still does, for the complete abolition of the submarine. As regards the more powerful categories of ships which are to be the subject of limitation, we agree that every naval Power shall be entitled, theoretically, to parity, though the various Powers are to declare, as part of any convention, the proportions of the equal tonnage which they will not exceed during the life of the convention. Designed doubtless merely to appease French pride, this is none the less an extremely dangerous concession. We make these concessions in the naval sphere; and we agree besides to withdraw our opposition, strenuously maintained hitherto, to the French contention that reservists should be excluded from the calculation of military strengths—a principle which, if adopted, means the consolidation of the system of conscription on the Continent.

This whole transaction is unintelligible except on the assumption that America has become the hypothetical "next enemy" of the Admiralty; that as a precaution against the American danger it is thought essential to cultivate relations with France so close and firm that French naval armaments are positively welcome to us; and that, to facilitate such close relations, it has been decided to abandon the pressure which we have hitherto sought to exercise on France towards reconciliation with Germany.

So far as the present Cabinet are concerned, this is no doubt to describe their attitude far too sharply and precisely. Since they seldom think very clearly about anything, it is likely enough that they have not thought very clearly about this. But that most of our Ministers are swayed, however incoherently, by such ideas, is, we fear, very probable. So long as this remains their attitude they are likely to persist in the policy to which it has given rise. Moreover, they have already committed us deeply on some of the most important matters. The issue raised by the Franco-British deal is, in short, still very much alive; and it is an issue which is immeasurably more important than any issue in the sphere of foreign affairs which has arisen since the Armistice.

The Government's policy, we say, is heading for two wars—another large-scale war in Europe, and a war between ourselves and the United States. We do not write this carelessly or lightly. Failing genuine appeasement and reconciliation between France and Germany, it is idle to suppose that peace can be ensured indefinitely by the military predominance of France. If the Locarno conception is discarded, it is easy to see what must happen in the end. Fortified by some alliance, and choosing a favourable moment, Germany will declare that she will no longer be bound by the disarmament conditions imposed upon her by the Treaty of Versailles. She will be able to point in justification to the failure of the Allied countries to carry out the disarmament obligations which the same Treaty of Versailles imposed on them. Who will question the likelihood that some moment will occur during the next generation when Germany could safely take



this step? And who can doubt that if this were to happen, the outbreak of another war would be only a matter of time?

Our only chance of real security against this development is that Germany should not desire to pursue such a policy. It is not her policy to-day, and it is most unlikely to become her policy, if she is treated by France and Britain in the spirit of the Locarno Treaties. After all, Germany is now a democracy; and gratuitous preparations for war, especially a return to conscription, would be so unpopular as to be politically out of the question, apart from the provocation of some deeply felt national resentment. This, indeed, gives France security, solid and abundant, along the lines of Locarno and of loyalty to the League idea. But it took British pressure and British mediation to achieve Locarno; and it will take British pressure and British mediation to maintain it. The Locarno Treaties would assuredly never have been signed, if the British attitude had then been that which appears to underlie the present deal. The European aspect of the deal is, indeed, the abandonment of the whole conception of Locarno.

Its other aspect is that of a naval competition between Great Britain and the United States, which, like all competitions in armaments, would point the way to war. If we hold to the policy implicit in our deal with France, the American Navy Department will get its way with a large cruiser-building programme. If our affairs remain in the hands of the present Government, or of like-minded men, we shall almost certainly respond. There will be a failure to renew the Washington Treaty in 1931, and the competition will spread out from cruisers to capital ships. The latent jingoism of America will be aroused. An atmosphere of mutual suspicion and antagonism will be engendered, in which Kellogg Pacts will go for nothing, and the smallest incident will suffice to cause a rupture.

The one reassuring feature of the situation is the almost unanimous disapproval with which the transaction has been received in the British Press. Papers like the *OBSERVER* and the *DAILY TELEGRAPH* have been hardly less outspoken in their condemnation than the papers of the Opposition. It is clear that the dangerous policy to which the Government has committed itself is entirely without support from public opinion. But this, unfortunately, affords no guarantee that the policy will be abandoned. For that purpose nothing less will suffice than the removal from office of the present Government, who are far too deeply committed to be capable of repairing the blunder they have made. Since the repairing of that blunder is what now matters most in public affairs, an altogether new urgency thus attaches to securing the Government's downfall.

It is profoundly ironical that at such a juncture the political situation should be such as to render it by no means out of the question that the Government may be returned to power at another General Election, even though the overwhelming majority of people regard their main policy as utterly disastrous. The Liberal and Labour Parties have each committed themselves so emphatically against any co-operation with one another that it seems doubtful whether they could be induced to make common cause, even if the Govern-

ment were to announce publicly their intention, if returned to power, of declaring war on America forthwith. And in no contingency less sensational than that would it be easy to imagine the large body of Conservative opinion, for which the *OBSERVER* speaks, deciding to throw in its lot with either of the Opposition parties. This at least is the present position. Possibly the next few months may effect a change. Next month the Government will have to explain its policy to Parliament. The attack will be driven home; the issues at stake will be brought out. As people wake up to a sense of their supreme importance, political developments may ensue which at present seem utterly chimerical.

## MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT YARMOUTH

BY A DELEGATE.

"YOU'LL be all right to-night, sir," said the porter who took my bag at Liverpool Street on Thursday evening. "Mr. Lloyd George is on the train." He did not reveal his political opinions, but he deliberately took me to the front of the train (where there was no room) so that he might get a glimpse of the great man.

So it was throughout the journey. The dining-car officials were nervous with excitement. At every station a little crowd had gathered to cheer Mr. Lloyd George, and at Beccles the platform was packed with people waiting to see him.

"Get out of the way," said I to the restaurant attendant. "There are a lot of people wanting to look at Mr. Lloyd George." I was seated on the other side of the car, but I was overheard, and Mr. George, murmuring that he had not noticed them, won their hearts and their cheers by a friendly wave of the hand. Decidedly he has a way with him, as all the world knows, and my friend the waiter was loud in his praises as he showed me the autograph which he had secured.

At Yarmouth, the whole town seemed to have come to meet the train, and I had some difficulty in getting through the crowd which lined the streets from the station to the Pier, where the official reception was to be held.

"And not a soul turned out to see Mr. Baldwin when he came," said the cabman who eventually picked me up. He may or may not have been a truthful person, but he was certainly a Liberal.

These are trivial incidents, but I record them because I want if possible to convey something of the atmosphere in which I heard Mr. Lloyd George speak again after an interval of eighteen years.

I was late at the Conference next morning, and it so happened that Mr. Lloyd George stepped on to the platform as I crept into the back of the hall. Of course, he had an enthusiastic reception, that goes without saying; but the quality of the enthusiasm can only be imagined by those who know the audience which he had come to meet. The most alert and active Liberals from every constituency were there, and Liberalism attracts some of the liveliest intellects in all parts of the country. I do not think I have ever seen an audience so quick in the uptake, so keen to catch each point, and so anxious to detect every shade of meaning in the phrases used. There was no doubt about the heartiness of their welcome, but I should have been sorry for a pompous or clumsy orator who had tried to speak that morning in the Aquarium at Yarmouth. There

was no need to be sorry for Mr. Lloyd George. He gave us the most perfect example of his art that I could imagine. Every phrase, gesture, intonation, demonstration, seemed exactly appropriate. He obviously enjoyed, as an accomplished performer, the thinness of the ice on which he skated; he revelled in our anxiety, and in prolonging our anxiety, lest it should crack. One did not know whether to admire more the felicity of the artist or the adroitness of the statesman. In short, I, who thought that I was inoculated against all forms of political wizardry, was completely captured, with the rest of the Conference, by the personality of Mr. Lloyd George. How shall I convey the impression which he made on us? That morning's speech, at any rate, was well reported in the Press, but the printed words give a very inadequate idea of its effect. Let me endeavour to illustrate the difference. (I wish I could have marginal drawings by Low to help me.)

In the first place it must be realized that he deliberately kept us on tenterhooks during the greater part of the hour which he occupied. Very near the beginning of his speech came the passage in which he told us that the leaders of the Party had been meeting to discuss what their attitude should be in the event of a deadlock at the next General Election, and that what he had to say about it would be not only his own opinion but the collective opinion of the Liberal leaders. Then he made a great parade of consulting his notes, saying that he wanted not only to weigh his words carefully but to give as careful expression to them as possible. Then, having worked us up to the tiptoe of expectation—he digressed for half-an-hour. The digression was delightful, and we would not have missed a word of it, but it was undoubtedly a digression, and while we were enjoying his sallies we were vaguely uneasy as to when, if ever, the collective pronouncement would be made. It was in this interval for refreshment, after he had solemnly consulted his notes, that Mr. Lloyd George took us into his confidence about horse-racing. "I have never seen a horse-race in my life," he told us in wistful but virtuous tones, and added immediately that he was going to one this week. "But I'll tell you what I am told," he continued. "There are men here who can check me if I am wrong. Sometimes there is a great surprise; the horse that the knowing ones think will win is a long way behind, and another horse, not supposed to be in the running, comes cantering in. It's all owing to atmospheric conditions. There are certain conditions in which stamina tells, and the flashy ones are no good." (Then his imagination got to work, and not by words only but by dramatic gesture he brought the race before our eyes.) "And you can see the horse at first a long way behind, nobody taking any note of him. You can see him coming along"—(Mr. Lloyd George's fists are galloping now)—"coming along, and at last passing them"—(We saw him passing)—"one after the other, and getting first past the winning-post, to the dismay of all the experts. That is the Liberal horse."

No, it is impossible to convey the good-humour, the buoyancy, with which this orator gets on terms of friendliness with his audience, without any apparent straining after effect, and therefore without the slightest loss of dignity.

In the end, of course, the serious pronouncement came.

"On the top of his form," said everybody, as we streamed out. "An historic speech." "Not a word misplaced." "A perfect utterance."

"I shan't go to the public meeting this evening," said one experienced young politician. "He is bound to give them some fireworks, and I don't want to spoil the impression left by that magnificent speech."

Whether he kept his resolution I do not know. I hope not, for his sake. If I was captured in the morning, I was bound tightly to Mr. Lloyd George's chariot wheels in the evening. We saw no fireworks, but we heard a grave and impressive utterance on momentous issues of foreign policy from the man who can speak with the greatest authority in Europe, or the world, on those issues. Such is Mr. Lloyd George's versatility that the adroit and genial politician of the morning, who had been dealing with those party questions to which adroitness is appropriate, was transformed into a grave statesman who warned us in unmistakable language and with undoubted sincerity that the peace of the world was being imperilled. I wish the newspapers could have reported that second speech in full, even if the space had been taken from the morning's oration. It was a crushing indictment of the Government's foreign policy. Governments have been overthrown before now on much less serious charges, and if Mr. Lloyd George follows up his attack in the House of Commons and the country, I do not believe that the present Ministry will survive the General Election.

I can only briefly summarize the indictment. There were many people, said Mr. Lloyd George, who condemned the Treaty of Versailles, though most of them had never read it. It was by no means perfect, but we should be nearer peace to-day if its provisions were observed. He had brought with him the blue-book in which appears the reply of the Allies to the German Delegation, and he read us that passage in which M. Clemenceau gave the assurance that the disarmament of Germany was only the prelude to general disarmament. That was a solemn promise that we had not begun to keep. Then there was the undertaking that when Germany had fulfilled her obligations under the Treaty, the Allies would evacuate the Rhineland. Germany *had* fulfilled her obligations, but we had not done our part. Then he turned to the Anglo-French Comromise. One of the greatest diplomatic authorities in Europe, he said, had described that pact as the most sinister event since the war. "I agree," he said, "and I can tell you I agree from a full knowledge of what it means. It is a renewal of the old policy of military arrangements which precipitated the Great War. It is designed in effect not to reduce armaments, but to increase them; to increase submarines for France, cruisers for ourselves. And more than that, to enable European Powers, in spite of their solemn undertaking to disarm, to maintain armaments more gigantic in the numbers of trained men, in the might and power of weapons, than anything they had before the war. In signing that pact we have antagonized two of the great friendly Powers of the world, America and Italy. To antagonize Italy is the height of folly, but to antagonize America is sheer madness."

Again we streamed out of the great hall, and gathered in our temporary homes to talk far into the night. There were men there who had been bitterly estranged from Mr. Lloyd George during the war, men who had lost their seats in the House through lack of the "coupon" in 1918. He had won them all back by that speech. Here, we all felt, was an issue which transcends all others in importance. If the cause of peace is lost, all is lost. And Mr. Lloyd George had raised the issue with incomparable vigour and unrivalled authority. Would he press the matter home? Someone must rouse the country to a sense of the danger of this incredible blundering in foreign policy, and Mr. Lloyd George was perhaps the only man who could do it. Certainly he could do it infinitely better than anyone else. Those of us who had heard him at Yarmouth that evening had no doubt about that.

## THE FRENCH POLICE AND THE FOREIGN PRESS

PARIS, OCTOBER 15TH, 1928.

THE publication in the NEW YORK AMERICAN of the letter of instructions to French diplomatic representatives in regard to the naval agreement, and the consequent expulsion from France of Mr. Horan, the Paris correspondent of that paper, raise questions of such importance to the Press of the world that they deserve serious attention, in spite of the ridiculous side of the affair. The moral seems to me to be that the expulsion of foreign correspondents, which has become so much more common since the war than it was before, should cease. If a foreign correspondent breaks the law of the country to which he is accredited, he should be prosecuted. So long as he does not break the law, he should be let alone. Expulsion is an arbitrary method, which is used in the great majority of such cases just because the correspondent concerned has not broken the law and the Government has therefore no other weapon to use against him.

I may claim to be something of an expert in the matter, having myself been expelled from France on May 18th, 1918. Perhaps I may be allowed to recall the circumstances of my expulsion because it affords an admirable example of the arbitrary way in which the power of expulsion is used. It will be remembered that late in 1917 or early in 1918—I forget which—M. Clemenceau, who was then French Prime Minister, published the confidential letter addressed to M. Poincaré, President of the French Republic, by the late Austrian Emperor, which had been transmitted to M. Poincaré by the Emperor's brother-in-law, Prince Sixtus of Bourbon, in the spring of 1917 and had led to abortive peace negotiations, which were concealed at the time not only from the public, but also from the American and Russian Governments. In consequence of the publication, the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber demanded that all the correspondence and other documents concerning the negotiations should be communicated to them. This was done, and in April, 1918, I published the story in the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, of which I was at the time Paris correspondent.

Early in the morning of Saturday, May 18th—it was Whitsun Eve—I received at my flat in Paris a visit from two police inspectors in plain clothes, who requested me to accompany them to the Prefecture of Police. There I was told that an order had been made for my expulsion, and that I must leave France that afternoon. I was asked to sign a document stating that the order for expulsion had been notified to me, which I did. The specific reason of my expulsion was not given in the document, which merely said that it was in the public interest, or words to that effect. I asked what the reason was, and was told that it was unknown at the Prefecture of Police, which was probably true, for, as was explained to me, my expulsion had not, as is usually the case, been asked for by the police, nor was it ordered by the Minister of the Interior on his own initiative. I had the honour of being expelled by a unanimous resolution of the Cabinet, on the proposal of the Prime Minister. After my expulsion the British Government asked what the reason of it was, and the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs (Lord Robert Cecil) said in reply to a question in the House of Commons that the reason given was that I had published information given to a "confidential committee" of the Chamber. Now nothing could be less confidential than any such information, for documents communicated to a committee are open to the inspection of all the six hundred deputies, who

are not bound to secrecy. And, although committee meetings are private, there is no rule of the Chamber forbidding a member of a committee to divulge what passes at them.

I have recalled this ancient history because it shows that a foreign correspondent may be expelled from France without even being told the reason of his expulsion, although he has committed no legal offence, merely for giving in the exercise of his profession—the essential function of which, after all, is, as Delane used to remind the Government, publicity—information that he has obtained by perfectly legitimate means, and this although no action is or can be taken against his informants. The last point is of vital importance, and it applies to the case of Mr. Horan. Whatever the circumstances may be, the responsibility of a journalist is much less than that of his informants, especially if the latter are in an official position.

On present information Mr. Horan seems to me to have been unjustly treated both by the French authorities and by the Committee of the Anglo-American Press Association in Paris, who have expelled him from the Association. He is a young man with a very short journalistic experience whose youth and inexperience caused him to bungle the business. I have only a slight acquaintance with him, but it has given me a favourable impression, which seems to be shared by M. Philippe Berthelot, with whom he was on terms of personal friendship or at least acquaintance. During Mr. Hearst's recent visit to Paris he was, I understand, introduced by Mr. Horan to M. Berthelot, with whom he lunched at the Quai d'Orsay a few days before the publication of the famous Letter. I am no admirer of the methods of the Hearst Press, but I cannot see a young colleague perhaps broken at the beginning of his career without at least pleading extenuating circumstances. Since he left France, Mr. Horan has been covered with abuse by the French papers. It has been asserted, for instance, that he is "an enemy of France," whereas he is, I believe, French on his mother's side, and in any case is strongly pro-French in sentiment. He had no intention of damaging France, but merely wanted to get a "scoop," and indeed the publication of the Letter was calculated to damage England rather than France in American opinion, for the gist of the instructions given to the French Ambassador to Washington was that the naval agreement was all the fault of "perfidie Albion," that France had been dragged into it against her will, that it was very bad for America, and would cause the race for armaments to continue. The Letter provided arguments to the American Government for rejecting the proposals. This was in fact its only interest, for the terms of the naval agreement had already been published by the MATIN on August 11th. No inquiry, by the way, has been held to discover how the MATIN got them, nor have proceedings been taken against that paper for publishing confidential information that the British and French Governments had agreed not to publish.

It appears that the document was confided by M. de Noblet, a junior official of the Press Bureau of the Quai d'Orsay, to a French journalist called Roger Deleplanque, employed on the staff of the Hearst papers in Paris. The majority of English and American correspondents in Paris employ, quite sensibly and naturally, a journalist on the staff of some French paper to give them information and keep them in touch with the French point of view. M. Deleplanque seems to be on excellent terms with the French authorities. It was he who recently communicated to the Press a summary of M. Poincaré's views about reparations, which was plainly based on information given to him at the Ministry of Finance. It has been officially announced that the text of the Foreign Office letter was



communicated to the Press Bureau of the Quai d'Orsay early in August "in view of the orientation to be given to the Press" when the text of the naval agreement should be published. Evidently, in view of the hesitation of the British Government to publish the agreement, it was thought desirable to hasten the "orientation" of the Press. For, of course, everybody knows that M. de Noblet is quite incapable of accepting a bribe, and that he gave the document to M. Deleplanque because he had been told to let out the information. This is merely the latest example of the systematic "leakage" that has been going on since the publication of the terms of the naval agreement on August 11th. The choice of a paper known for its anti-French or anti-European tendencies was quite clever. Had the information been given to a pro-French paper its official origin would have been suspected at once. The heading given to the Letter by the sub-editors of the NEW YORK AMERICAN, which turned the weapon aimed at England also against France, had not been anticipated, and caused much annoyance.

It was not, of course, intended that the actual text of the Letter should be published. The intention was that Mr. Horan should make the same use of it as "Pertinax" recently made of the correspondence concerning the naval agreement, no doubt communicated to him in the same way. Perhaps Mr. Horan did not understand this. In any case, although he has a perfect knowledge of French, he did not understand the diplomatic jargon of the Letter, and, not really knowing just what it was all about, thought it the simplest plan to translate it literally and send it across. When he was first questioned about the matter, he obtained from Mr. Hearst a telegram declaring that the latter had given him the document. This was accepted by the Quai d'Orsay, where it was, of course, desired to hush up the affair, and, but for M. Chiappe's intervention, it would no doubt have been the end of the matter.

M. Chiappe, the Prefect of the Parisian Police, who is a Corsican, cannot forget that he is a fellow-countryman of Napoleon, and seems to aspire at least to the part of Napoleon's Minister of Police. A couple of years ago, when he was Director of the Sûreté Générale, he ordered a well-known American correspondent to leave France within twenty-four hours because he had sent his paper a cable message (held up for several hours) merely quoting statements made in the French Press about the incidents on the Italian frontier. The joke was that the correspondent in question is noted for his pro-French sympathies and was decorated with the Legion of Honour, presumably for services to France. The Anglo-American Press Association at once intervened and the expulsion did not take place. Last year M. Chiappe expelled the correspondent of a Russian agency for trying to telegraph an account of the repression of the demonstration about the Sacco-Vanzetti affair in which the police acted with quite unnecessary brutality. To my knowledge M. Chiappe has also tried by threats of expulsion to intimidate other correspondents in Paris.

M. Chiappe proceeded on October 8th to the arrest of Mr. Horan in circumstances that suggested the setting of a cinema film. Mr. Horan's car was surrounded by policemen in the rue de la Paix, and another immense car drove up alongside from which emerged an official who conducted Mr. Horan to the Prefecture of Police. There he was detained and examined for seven hours, prevented from communicating by telephone with anybody outside, and bullied into signing a deposition saying how and from whom he had obtained the document. It was for thus giving away the names of his informants that Mr. Horan was expelled by the Committee from the Anglo-American Press Association. At any rate that is the reason given for his

expulsion, together with the fact that he misled the committee by saying that he had received the document from Mr. Hearst. No doubt he was to blame, but surely some allowance should have been made for him in the circumstances. If all the members of the Committee are so sure as their action would lead one to suppose that they have never in the course of their journalistic careers done anything open to censure, if they are all quite sure that they would not have lost their nerve after such an ordeal as that to which Mr. Horan had been subjected, I congratulate them on their virtue and their courage, but even so I cannot congratulate them on their harsh treatment of a young and inexperienced colleague whose errors seem to have been due to his youth and inexperience.

It is alleged that Mr. Horan admitted having unsuccessfully attempted, before he obtained the document in the way already mentioned, to bribe officials to give him information. If so, he had no doubt committed a legal offence, but his deposition was not shown to the delegates from the Anglo-American Press Association who went to the Quai d'Orsay about the matter, and I hold that the Committee should at least have postponed any action until they had seen the deposition. They were, I understand, promised that it should be published. We shall see whether the promise is kept. If it is, and if the deposition proves that Mr. Horan acted illegally, naturally he had to take the consequences, but even so expulsion from France was not the proper method of dealing with the matter. Meanwhile, I can go only on the information officially published, and on that information I maintain that Mr. Horan has been unjustly treated.

The Press of all countries should take combined action with the view of getting a stop put everywhere to the practice of expelling foreign correspondents. As I said to begin with, if a foreign correspondent acts illegally, he should be prosecuted; if not, he should be let alone. It is intolerable that he should be at the mercy of the arbitrary exercise of the power of expulsion. Perhaps the worst aspect of the matter is that a threat of expulsion can be and, as I have said, actually is used in France as a means of intimidating correspondents with the view to preventing them from giving their papers information that it is their duty to give. The opinion is too prevalent in France that the business of a foreign correspondent is to make himself a French propaganda agent, and to say nothing that is not agreeable to the French Government or the Prefect of Police. That is a conception of his functions that no self-respecting correspondent can for a moment accept.

ROBERT DELL.

## LIFE AND POLITICS

I DO not wish to add more than a drop to the flood of discussion let loose by the Yarmouth speech. I do not think much more that is useful can be said about speculative "arrangements" after the next election. I will merely attempt to summarize the "reaction" to the speech which I have noted in talk with Liberals of differing outlook. In the vital matter of the attitude to Labour there seem to be roughly two schools, and each selects for emphasis different parts of the speech. On the one side there is the Liberal who is chiefly delighted with the more bellicose passages. He thinks that it is a splendid thing to have the door bolted and barred upon any repetition of the "arrangement" of 1914. One finds this feeling particularly strong among Liberals who sat in that House, and who still smart from the memory of the contemptuous treatment they received from the Ministers who held office by their goodwill. These Liberals think it is of supreme

importance to announce a complete and pugnacious independence. On the other hand, there are Liberals for whom the significant passage in the Yarmouth manifesto is the famous bit in which Mr. Lloyd George spoke of the ground common to the progressive parties—the “vast and fertile” territory which he implied Liberals and Labour men might cultivate together. These Liberals, it may be, are comparatively deficient in the specific party sense. They do not want to fight for the sake of fighting: they want to get on with the job of social service. They deduce from this utterance, authorized as it was by all the party except the Liberal Council, that if circumstances make it possible in the next Parliament, we may see achieved some Liberal-Labour arrangement, which it would be useless to define at this stage, to carry on a progressive administration upon agreed terms. And this prospect does not terrify them: very much the reverse—not even if it means the revival of the dread term “Coalition.” In other words, these Liberals think more of the end than the means, and they see in these sentences the firmest rallying ground of election policy.

So “Chuck-it-Smith”—the reference is to a withering poem of Mr. Chesterton’s—is “chucking” the India Office in a hurry, occasioned, according to a candid friend in the Press, by “a talent for spending.” In these days the office of a Secretaryship of State is not a sufficiently “glittering prize”; the old-fashioned notion of high office paying for itself in honour and dignity being somewhat shop soiled. It does not seem that the loss of Lord Birkenhead will be disastrous either to the Baldwin administration in particular or to politics in general. He will be lamented by his “C3” colleagues in decent moderation. His tongue was too bitter and too uncertain for much affection to be his, even in the (political) family circle. The True Blue Tories have never forgiven him the best deed of his various careers—his leading part in the pacification of Ireland. He was capable of statesmanship by fits and starts, but as a party politician he always seemed to me to be frankly detestable. Even to the last, and in the House of Lords too, he occasionally disturbed the amenities of public life by such coarse outbursts of rancorous abuse (usually directed to pet aversions on his own side) as recalled the manners of eighteenth-century controversy. If we are to take the word of lawyers, he was at his best as advocate and on the Woolsack: he was a very good Lord Chancellor indeed, and it is a pity that Mr. Baldwin could not give him the job he wanted a second time. He now joins the other ex-statesmen who have become “something in the City”; something in tin, according to report, though one can think of a more appropriate metal.

I have been reading some “advance” extracts from the concluding volumes—to be published here a fortnight hence—of Colonel House’s “Intimate Papers,” and pondering with fresh amazement over the amazing career of the author. There is, I suppose, no parallel to the position made for himself by this ex-local politician, who by dint of a carefully nursed reputation for uncanny discretion, became a sort of unofficial ambassador from America to the Allies. This little busy intriguing person, preternaturally solemn and silent in public, and endlessly loquacious, where it was worth while, in the privacy of important interviews, flitted about behind the scenes of the great tragedy, soothing, smoothing, and working the will of his master and hero, President Wilson. It was not House’s fault if in the greatest thing of all he failed to achieve the Wilsonian policy. How was either House or his master to know that party passions and ancient suspicions at home would send the League into the world half-crippled at the

start. The activities of House were well-meaning throughout the riot of selfishness and passion in those months when peace was in the making. His methods were tortuous, but his aims, like those of Wilson, were noble, if they were inconvenient at the moment; he did indeed hope that a new world would be made at Versailles. He convinces one of his good intentions, nor is there any reason to question the honesty of his record, and one can well believe that various Foreign Offices and official persons have been trying to get his book castrated. A curious point in the last volume is his pathetic declaration that he is ignorant of the cause of the breach with Wilson. The account I have heard—I have no means of knowing whether it is the true one—is that House, in Wilson’s absence in America, took decisions which displeased the great man, who promptly and decisively dropped him on his return, as was his way in dealing with offending subordinates.

I spent a desolate hour recently at the great motor show. I had no right to be there, and felt as much out of it as the Brahmin (in De Quincey’s story) in the slaughter-house. A sadder or more dreary crowd cannot be imagined than these worshippers of mechanism, who thronged the avenues of the vast bazaar. To the non-motorist, a collection of motor-cars is a nightmare of boredom, and there was added to one’s æsthetic repulsion a certain disquiet about the future. What is to become of the roads when these “models” multiply themselves by the tens of thousands next spring? Is there room for any more? England is a small place. The motor mania is all very well in America where distances are great, but here we are already packing the motors so tight that the mere number is defeating the object of speed. Unhappily, perhaps, “saturation point” has not been reached as yet, and apparently the hope of the trade now lies in the capture of the four- and five-hundred-a-year man, who is to be induced by mass suggestion to buy. Something may be done by applying here the American method of avoiding the excesses of over-production by hypnotizing people into getting rid of their cars before they are worn out, so as to be in the swim. I should add in fairness that before writing this note I waited five minutes to cross a London street, and then barely escaped with life.

I was glad to note that the “Save the Countryside” Conference, the first of its kind, attracted a good deal of attention. The rapidity and ruthlessness of the process by which England is being transformed into a drab and unpleasant land is at last causing alarm. No one likes ugliness; even “speed-fiends” will denounce the dreary new roads made for their convenience, the ghastly petrol pumps, the enamelled advertisements in meadows by the wayside, the ruin of good old towns by the multiple shop front and the blatant garage. Yet the process goes on. As Professor Trevelyan says, no mercy is to be expected from the machine. No one is stupid enough to oppose the inevitable provision of houses for the new populations or conveniences for the motorist. But there is no reason in the world why with a healthy artistic opinion operative, and the help of Parliament and the local authorities, the worst atrocities should not be avoided. Petrol pumps can be made fairly harmless by the exercise of ingenuity and taste; blatant advertisements can be diverted from the fields to the newspapers; old buildings can be protected from being ravished; electric cables can be put underground; and all this and more at such small extra cost as to count for nothing in the balance. A house that is a house, made of materials harmonious with its setting, costs little more to build than a fancy box with a pink lid. Everybody, from the Prime Minister downwards, is pious

and sentimental about it all. If Mr. Baldwin is in earnest, let him, as a measure of urgency, while public opinion is working up, give to some department power to act—perhaps with the advice of some artists, architects, and practical lovers of beauty—in restraint of thoughtless “development.” Otherwise, English folks in a generation or two will be wondering what the poets were writing about.

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For neatness and point I should be inclined to give first marks this week to the following sentence from the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN report of the Congregational Union meetings: “It is a good thing to accompany our deliberations with a series of intercessions, but this week the Almighty has been supplied with a wealth of detailed particulars which must be of great assistance in the providential ordering of the Universe.”

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I have often wondered, rather sadly, whether there is not some infallible recipe for success in a journalistic career. I think I have discovered it at last, but for physical and other reasons, it is, I fear, too late to profit by it. The other day Herr Schiff, a valiant young reporter on VORWAERTS, meeting in a tube Herr Schulz, the Communist, who hoaxed the Berlin Broadcasting Station by impersonating VORWAERTS’ editor, Schwarz, assaulted Schulz with the utmost violence. “By this action,” I read with admiration, “Victor Schiff is believed to have laid the foundation of a fine journalistic career.”

KAPPA.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### CAUSES OF WAR

SIR,—Among the enumeration in your issue of the 22nd ult. of the various obstacles to disarmament you omit one of the chief and, to my mind, one of the most fundamental, viz., vested interests.

War, and the various subsidiary employments and industries associated in its preparations, are as much maintained and supported by a large section of the proletariat as by the aristocracy. To the former it means profitable, well-paid employment, their bread and butter; to the latter, power, and all that such means—especially power over the life of one's fellow-man.

Till some practical and effective means are suggested and adopted by our politicians and statesmen for turning our swords into ploughshares, our warships into ships to be adapted and used for the purpose of making useful researches and discoveries in science—to improve and elevate, not butcher, maim, and slaughter mankind; ships to carry, convey, and exchange the *savants* of the world, harbingers of education and enlightenment; till this is done it is idle to expect any real or serious effort towards early disarmament. A substitute, or, rather, many substitutes, are needed to supply the place which war, with all its panoply and loot, has hitherto supplied. In this connection it may not be inappropriate to quote Jeffery, the editor of the EDINBURGH REVIEW:—

“Men delight in war,” he writes, “in spite of the pains and miseries which they know it entails upon them and their fellows, because it exercises all the talents and calls out all the energy of their nature—because it holds them out conspicuously as objects of public sentiment and generous sympathy—because it gratifies their pride of art and gives them a lofty sentiment of their own power, worth, and courage—but principally because it sets the game of existence upon a higher stake, and dispels, by its powerful interest, those feelings of ennui which steal upon every condition from which hazard and anxiety are excluded and drives us into danger and suffering as a relief. While human nature continues to be distinguished by those attributes we do not see any chance of war being superseded by the increase of wisdom and morality.” (Vol. I., p. 93.)

What a gospel of despair! when even the wisdom and morality of mankind may be—though erroneously—claimed as the victims of war.—Yours, &c.,

HUBERT J. SWEENEY.

3, Plowden Buildings,  
Temple, E.C.4.

### THE BELGIAN ACTIVISTS

SIR,—As an Englishman long resident in Belgium, I should like to raise a half-amused, half-indignant protest against M. M. Kahn's belated attempt to trade upon whatever remains of anti-German feeling and war-sentiment in this country in order to confuse all the issues involved in the question of Flemish nationalism. The Flemish movement may well be watched with very natural sympathy by some sections of the Dutch public. Let me assure your readers, however, that no such thing as the “Deutsche Bund” (German Union) exists at Utrecht, and that the “Grotniederlaendische Bewegung” is a name disingenuously—or is it wittily?—coined by M. Kahn himself, and is neither Dutch nor German, but a not very cunning mixture of both. There exists, however, a Dietsche Bond (Dutch Union), and a movement called the Groot Nederlandsche Beweging. Neither is remotely connected with Pan-German aims. More generally, the statement that Holland has been brought within the orbit of the cultural and political hegemony of Berlin can safely be left to be dealt with by any moderately intelligent Englishman who has spent more than a week-end in the Lowlands.

One gets a little weary of nationalist movements. The Flemish movement is no doubt as troublesome as all the others. There should be no difficulty in drawing up a suitable indictment without recourse to misrepresentation. Far from being mediæval, it falls into line with all the other nationalist movements which only began to blight Europe a little more than a century ago, and which we are still pleased to consider as being among the factors of modern progress and democracy. Is it not still the fashion to support the peoples “rightly struggling to be free”?—Yours, &c.,

DAVID HALLETT.

3, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.  
October 15th, 1928.

[M. Kahn wrote “Dietsche Bund (German Union).” This was altered by a sub-editorial slip to “Deutsche Bund.” The other name was faithfully reproduced from M. Kahn's letter.—ED., NATION.]

SIR,—M. Maurice Kahn does me too much honour in describing me as “the principal agent” of the Great Netherlands Movement, which he seems to think is a society, and which, moreover, he calls by a name that proves his ignorance of both Dutch and German. He adds the statement that the Belgian police not long ago requested me to leave the town of Liège and Belgian territory. This is a stupid fabrication. I never was requested by the Belgian police to leave Liège or any other Belgian town or Belgian territory, nor have any communications or representations ever been addressed to me by the Belgian police or Belgian authorities.

How much faith can be put in M. Kahn's dissertation on political conditions in Belgium may be guessed from this gratuitous piece of slander.—Yours, &c.,

P. GEYL.

[We regret that we gave publicity to a false statement about Dr. Geyl.—ED., NATION.]

### LAW AND SALE OF HOUSES

SIR,—Referring to the letter of your correspondent “Lex” in your issue of the 6th, without going deeply into the question of whether the system outlined by him would be practical in general operation, but merely pointing out that it still involves investigation of title on each occasion of sale of landed property and in those numerous cases of only part of the property of a Vendor being sold to a Purchaser (so frequent in cases of building estates), the need for complete abstracts or copies of the old deeds would still exist;



I would suggest that property owners avail themselves forthwith of the Registered system of Transfer of land and houses which can be done without waiting for any further Acts of Parliament.

Registration of Title avoids the necessity of both of the sources of waste of time and expense mentioned above, and ensures the reduced scale of costs mentioned by "Lex," and I would urge property owners to press their County or County Borough Councillors and Aldermen to adopt the compulsory provisions of the Land Registration Act, 1925, to ensure registration on the occasion of the next sale of land and houses in their area. This is in force in London, Eastbourne, and shortly is to be in Hastings. Owners of property in Surrey should especially take up this point without delay with their representatives on the County Council as the matter is now under consideration by that body. Although holding no brief for Estate Agents and wishful for a reduction of their scale of fees, it is only fair to point out that, whereas a Solicitor only comes on to the scene when a Purchaser has been found and definite business to be carried through, an Estate Agent may have to deal with many potential purchasers before he gets an actual Purchaser, and often after many interviews and much correspondence he fails to effect a sale at all, owing usually to either too high a price being fixed by the Vendor, or another agent or the Vendor finding a Purchaser, and then the agent obtains no remuneration whatever for all the trouble he has taken.

An official pamphlet dealing with Registration of Title can be obtained free on application to H.M. Land Registry, 33, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.1.—Yours, &c.,

"PROPERTY OWNER."

October 15th, 1928.

### LESSING AND GOETHE

SIR,—I wonder if you would be good enough to insert in your columns a brief description of two most interesting exhibitions which will be opened in *Braunschweig* on January 19th and 20th, 1929, so that any of your readers who are admirers of Goethe and Lessing could note this most interesting date.

On January 20th next year there will be the two-hundredth birthday of the great German dramatist and philosopher Lessing, who spent most of his life in the Brunswick town Wolfenbuettel. On the same date it will be a century since Goethe's "Faust" was first acted on the stage at the Brunswick Theatre. To celebrate this remarkable year the German Goethe Society and the local authorities of Brunswick and Wolfenbuettel are arranging exhibitions in order to show the world, by means of modern organization, that the old ideals of the eighteenth-century classics still have an important influence on the modern generation. The opening on January 19th and 20th will be accompanied by various recitals and concerts, also by excellent performances at the Brunswick Theatre, where on that occasion the best German actors will come together.

"Faust" has lived one hundred years. The problem of Goethe's "Faust" as a problem of humanity can never die, for every new generation will have to deal with it and put the ideal of Dr. Faust, the spirit of restless activity, into new forms. The exhibition "Faust on the Stage," managed by Professor Petersen, chairman of the German Goethe Society, is an attempt to demonstrate the different endeavours to solve this problem.

It is a particularly curious coincidence that the two-hundredth anniversary of Lessing's birthday occurs at exactly the same time. Kamenz was his birthplace, and he was buried in Brunswick. A simple memorial plate on his house near the Aegidienhalle states: "Here died Lessing on February 15th, 1781." He was librarian at the Duke of Brunswick's library in Wolfenbuettel. The old round building of the library has gone, but the collections of books still exist and belong to the most valuable ones in Germany. His baroque-house with the home rose-garden is also preserved. In those rooms he wrote "Nathan" and "Emilia Galotti." It is the main idea of the exhibition "Lessing and his Time" to honour the memory and the works of Lessing. The exhibition will be under the direction of Dr. Herse.

All information in regard to these two exhibitions can be obtained from: Staetisches Verkehrs-und Presseamt, Braunschweig (Rathaus), Germany.—Yours, &c.,

EDGAR LEHMANN.

146, Albert Palace Mansions, Battersea, S.W.11.  
October 12th, 1928.

### TRINITY GREAT GATE

SIR,—I read with interest your article on the death of Collins. I regret, however, that its Johnian author should have made a mistake with regard to Trinity Great Gate. Though Henry VIII. was one of the college's benefactors, and though his picture by Holbein presides over the Hall, it is an earlier benefactor, Edward III., who adorns Great Gate. In view of the latter's motto, "Farma super æthera notus," I cannot let this pass!—Yours, &c.,

"LION AND THREE CROWNS."

Cambridge.

October 16th, 1928.

### MRS. MARY DREW

SIR,—As literary executor of Mrs. Mary Drew, daughter of Mr. Gladstone, I shall be grateful to those of her many friends who may have preserved her letters if they will very kindly lend them to me for possible use in connection with a volume of extracts from her diaries and correspondence which is in contemplation.

Any letters which may be sent to me will be copied and returned with the least possible delay, and in no case will publication be made without the consent of the owners.—Yours, &c.,

A. TILNEY BASSETT.

5, Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, S.W.3.  
October 9th, 1928.

### PRAISE OF AARGAU

WHEN the Alps were pinched upwards the rocky crust of the earth was cracked longitudinally into the deep narrow valley in which the Rhine and the Rhone start east and west from the Furka. Close to this same forking, just over the notch of the Grimsel, the Aar, the noblest river of the three in Switzerland (before it surrenders itself to the Rhine) starts northwards. It grumbles turbulently, like a burrowing puppy, through the narrow gloom of the depths of its early practical joke, the preposterous Aarschlucht, down to Meiringen. Some day it will accomplish its business of making the name of Interlaken a laughing-stock by choking Brienz Lake. It has far the best of the country, for the Rhone and Rhine escarpments south of the watershed are abrupt and narrow, but the long up-tilted shelf that feeds the Aar makes nearly half of Switzerland. Its southern edges run in an almost straight line from the Diablerets to the Saurenstock in Glarus, thence northwards along the Rhine gorge to Buchs, north-west to Koblenz, where the Aar runs into the Rhine, thence along the Boksberg and Jura right into France, south-east again to the wooded Jorat north of Lausanne, and thence back almost straight to the Diablerets. It gathers the whole of the meltings impounded and filtered by the lakes of Joux, Neuchatel, Bienne, Thun, Brienz, Lucerne, and Zurich, with their auxiliary glacier bottoms, pouring steadily down the slope in more than a score of valleys from the whole length of the Oberland. The river drives steadily its enormous volume eastwards at a low-water rate of about five miles an hour, amusing itself for the last time at Brugg with another deep, narrow gouging through the compacted barrier of a drift of glacier dust. Brugg must have been

pre-eminently The Bridge since men were on either side of the unfordable river. A fair-sized fir tree would span the cleft, but it would need a tall one to sound it. In the final sink of its basin at Turgi, the Aar swallows into its own pale glaucous waters the flinty blue-green flood of the Reuss and the cloudy opal of the Limmat and Sihl from Zurich, and thrusts the heavy mass through its northern barrier ridge to bend the Rhine towards Waldshut. No wonder the inter-glacial terraces of the Aargau, the sheets of gravel laid down and channelled out again through four successive multi-millennial intervals, are so splendid. The escarpments of the second and third layers of deposit drop as sharply as the slopes of railway embankments from as level a surface, forty or fifty feet in places.

Switzerland intoxicates all of us. But we mostly keep to the mountainous parts and the lakes for our special excitements. The Aar basin seems to me, on the whole, the most humanly significant part of Switzerland, and being, in its own fashion, completely beautiful, cannot be deemed less admirable in nature than is the Oberland. But the human use of the district is my theme in this eulogy. It is a region of considerable manufacturing industry. The gravels are full of lime-sulphate and there are many cement works. Cement works must needs be dusty; but these are the cleanest and most self-respecting cement works I have ever beheld. No other industry pursued in the district is conducted offensively. There is, of course, no black smoke, because electricity, bestowed by the Aar and its feeders, is almost exclusively used. I saw great engineering factories, in handsome, gleaming buildings, pleasantly tinted, with clean red roofs; and I felt unhappy when I remembered Sheffield. Swiss industrial morality manifestly demands that blackness and foulness and mountains of rusty scrap shall not be deemed the proper accessories of efficient manufacturing industry, even metallic or chemical. This difference of habit is by no means wholly due to the necessities of dealing with dirty fuel: some coke and coal are used. The filthy untidiness of the waste and scrap yards which defile our own manufacturing districts is absent. This means that care is taken and is demanded that the rubbish shall be destroyed or used up, and not thrown aside to accumulate as a normal method of business.

The most impressive thing throughout the whole of this district is the habitual character of the building, for every class of purpose. One can hardly fail to notice this in any railway journey through Switzerland, and the chalet of the mountain and forest districts is familiar as a masterpiece of construction and beauty: but the character of the smaller towns and villages of the lower districts appeared to me almost more impressive. I saw simply no bad building anywhere. Every house is fine in style and solid in workmanship. Even a quite new class of suburban bungalows, approaching towards the despondency of our own post-war tenements, were infinitely removed from the latter's habitual meanness. In the small rural hamlets there is nothing even so modernly decadent as these cheaper suburban tenements. Familiar all my life with English agricultural villages, and living now in a district where building used to be fine, I groaned in shame when I thought of them in comparison with the homes of the poorest Swiss peasantry. The causes of the difference lie deep, but are unmistakable. The colonization of Switzerland was effected not very differently from that of England, by kindred Germanic tribes. There ruled there, as in England, great feudal fighting landlords. Their castles in the Aargau are as conspicuous as along the Rhine, or as William's were in England and Wales. Here is the

Habsburg's eyrie. Here is Lenzburg, as ideally splendid a fortress on a specially-created hill as Salzburg or Wartburg, and in its setting even more lovely, as its name should demand. (On the castle gates there is now a curious inscription apprising the public of the limited accessibility of the precincts permitted by good favour of the proprietor, and signed "Lincoln Elsworth, Esq.," not, one infers, a Swiss or English noble.) But by the fortune of history the Habsburg overlords grew too big for the country, and their attention being much occupied elsewhere they were forcibly ousted by a progressive conjuration bred in the mountains and forests which they had never subdued, before they had had time, as in England, to subinfeudate an extensive manorial squirearchy; and the Cantons took over their lordships. The cultivators therefore retained their holdings. No Statute of Merton or Acts of Enclosure expropriated and impoverished them; no great estates were cleared for extensive farming, and men building homes for themselves went on building in the spirit in which they were building such homes in the Cotswold country up to the end of the sixteenth century, since when there has been no decent village building at all. What happened to our agricultural population after that has been told by Jeffries in "Hodge and his Masters" and again by Mr. J. L. Hammond. Here, then, are these rural villages, with every house well built and handsome, with no appearance of poverty anywhere, with the gardens all brilliant with flowers, and not only the gardens but corners of streets and little recesses of roadside waste. The people cannot be rich: but their children are well fed and well dressed. The agriculture is intensive. These gravelly flats have a hungry subsoil; it is not a wheat country. The upland husbandry is an art apart, but in these lowlands also cattle are an indispensable standby. Apart from beet crops, potatoes and other consumable vegetables, the ground is worked for fodder with rye, vetches, lucerne, clover, and other seed herbage. Everyone who knows Switzerland will be familiar with the rather coarse mixed leafage of these hay-grounds. But the soil being kept covered and moist, they yield a great deal of feed.

Only one thing in the villages may disturb an English visitor not reared in a cattle country or not sharing the pious Aryan veneration for the cow and all her five products. These being the basis of the rural economy, due recognition is unashamedly given to the fact by the reverence paid to the dung heap. This is not amorously dumped here and there about open yards or trodden about the milking shed as in England; but upon the margin between the house and the street there is built a neat square concrete enclosure with walls about two feet high (convenient to sit on), in which and arising above it in the guise of an altar to the gods of fertility (honoured in other countries by other emblems) is piled the manure, the sides neatly trimmed like those of a rick, whilst the drainings accumulate in a covered tank below, to be pumped out continually and distributed on the hungry soil of the fields.

The fruit trees are wonderful. South of Lenzburg, which has a renowned jam-factory in most comely buildings, the slopes of the wide valley looked to me like a park with large oak and elm timber rather thickly planted about the grass. On a closer approach I realized that these were apple and pear trees, disconcertingly exaggerated in growth. Everywhere the care and condition of the trees are remarkable. They have evidently been tended for many years by proper shaping and pruning, such as we are only beginning to see in modern orchards in England. This year they carried beautiful crops of clean, well-grown fruit, whilst our old cankered orchards are cumbered with half-sized produce in equal profusion.

The personal and communal pride which maintains the beauty and decency of all these villages is shown, by a people thus nurtured, equally in the towns. There also the whole tradition of building is solid and handsome, even in the large blocks of tenement houses that are superseding for wage-earners the family house—which is less the case in this part of Switzerland than in most industrial districts elsewhere that I am acquainted with. The towns not only maintain an impressively high architectural standard in the design of shops and offices, they are full of surprising little patches and benches of flowers, rows of lilies, hydrangeas, and fuchsias in pots, and a general evidence both of loving beauty and decency and of encouraging the manifestation of these human amenities both in private and civic life. The freedom and intelligence which the absence of landlordism has suffered to develop in all this country have led naturally both to intelligent and public-spirited civic administration and to the development of economic co-operation in business among the peasantry.

OLIVIER.

## THE DRAMA

### STRINDBERG AT THE ARTS THEATRE

"Easter." By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by DR. G. CLASSEN.

VERY slowly, about twenty years later than in other countries, it is becoming possible for English people to see performances of Strindberg, and form some idea for themselves as to the ultimate value of this extraordinary writer. The Arts Theatre Club, who are more up to snuff than any of their rivals or associates, might well have met with a better return for their pains than the miserably small public that came to the second performance of "Easter."

"Easter" is not one of Strindberg's best plays. In one sense he never wrote a good play. He was never a great artist of design like Ibsen. His work in fact recalls that of the ordinary playmaker. His plays too frequently break down in the third act. Extraordinary as it may appear at first sight, he then falls into the vice of sentimentality as he perceives his material giving out. In "Easter" this weakness is more marked than in any play of his I have seen. He actually begins dabbling in the pleasures of hope and plunges us in a world that in some way recalls the "Christmas Carol." In the third act we are presented with a *deus ex machina* who reminds one of Mr. Cheeryble till one positively wriggles with discomfort.

Though not a master of design in the largest sense, Strindberg was a master of nearly everything else. He loses no time getting to work. The moment the curtain goes up we are plunged into a world of excitement and significance. The consciousness of all the protagonists is at once keyed up to the highest state of external and internal agitation. He is the opposite to Ibsen, and far more English in his genius. Ibsen is Greek, Strindberg Elizabethan. His mind was bursting with remote and extraordinary images, which fall darkly on the audience and chill them with a murky terror. Take three of them from "Easter." "I am frightened of parcels, since I was sent one full of cobblestones"; "the snow lies on the ground like straw outside a sick man's house"; "that is a wicked clock, when you boil eggs by it, they are always hard." These crude, clean images remind one of Webster, who, I think, resembles Strindberg in mind and art. "The spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads"; "as if a man should spit upon the wind, the filth returns in's face"; "She would not after the report keep fresh, so long as flowers on graves." Webster and Strindberg were both obsessed by the horror that is in little things, and these little things become symbols of a universe diseased.

Naturally, such a dramatist as Strindberg appears to me to be depends enormously on his translator. The ordinary English translations have been vile; the French translations are flat and uninteresting. I once puzzled a

few plays out in German, thinking that that would be quite safe, and then was informed by an authority that the German translations were no better than the others. For "Easter" a new translator has been employed under the auspices of the "Bernard Shaw foundation." He is better than his predecessors, but still far from satisfactory. The main female part, a religious zany of mystical insight (a very difficult rôle played by Miss Ffrangcon-Davies, who was completely unsuited to it), talks a language no doubt convincing in Swedish, but, as translated, it bears little resemblance to English. As a result of this probably many of the effects were lamentably blurred. Translators never seem to consider syntax. Fancy beginning a sentence, "To love, to suffer, to hope"! Is that English? No doubt Shakespeare, by a violent perversion of the language, said, "To be or not to be." But that is not a reason for imitating him on every occasion! I expect that the original begins with some Swedish equivalent for *Zu lieben, zu sterben*, and the translator never stopped to think about what he was writing down. The extraordinary thing is that in spite of everything so much comes through. The first two acts were extremely interesting at the Arts Theatre Club: the third act ridiculous. Such is probably the case in the original. More depressing is the fact that the disgracefully small audience received these first two acts in icy silence; the third with considerable enthusiasm. Sometimes one despairs of humanity. When all is said and done, I hope the Arts Theatre will soon produce another Strindberg, and that the producer (who did much of his work very well on this occasion) will not hesitate to change the translation, when he sees that the words put into his actors' mouths are becoming ludicrous and impossible.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

THE autumn orchestral season was inaugurated on Friday, October 12th, with the first of the series of B.B.C. Symphony Concerts. The programme, which hardly attained to the high level of interest that we generally expect from Sir Thomas Beecham, who was conducting, consisted of a suite from his own Handelian pot-pourri in the form of a ballet, "The Gods go a-begging," to which we had been introduced earlier in the year by M. Diaghileff, the "Brigg Fair" of Delius, "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" of Mozart, the "Fugue in C Minor" of Lord Berners, and Schumann's "Third Symphony." In this rather unenterprising programme the outstanding item was the Fugue of Lord Berners—a witty and irreverent parody of the form, so well done, however, as almost to justify one in supposing it to be seriously intended. Apart from an occasional perversity of tempo, notably in the march-like section in the middle of "Brigg Fair" and in the last movement of the Mozart (the first of which was taken much too fast, and the second much too slow), the conducting of Sir Thomas was admirable, and the orchestral playing was of an unusually high quality throughout.

In "Deadlock," her new play at the Comedy, Miss May Edginton seems unable to decide what to write about. That she is obviously out to write about something is, in a week of Beetles and Seventh Guests, food for rejoicing, but it is all the more to be regretted that she did not clear her mind before putting pen to paper. She begins, apparently, in a state of firm dislike for the divorce laws, reverting every now and then to this mood, but taking all the stuffing out of it by embroiling herself with sentimental mistresses, narrow-minded wives, precocious children, and overpoweringly solicitous solicitors. These entanglements of the dramatist would not matter so much were they not so wholeheartedly and at the same time so superficially entered into. But from scene to scene one never knows what course Miss Edginton has decided to steer, and as audiences have not the staying power of sea-gulls, we long all the time for a port at which we never arrive. This



inconclusiveness seems to have communicated itself to the story, or at any rate to its narration in the last act, and indeed having watched and listened most carefully in the theatre and pondered not a little since, one finds oneself totally unable to say what actually did happen in the end to the unfortunate son (Mr. Lewis Shaw: good, but too young for the part) who wished to go with his father (Mr. David Hawthorne: excellent) for a fortnight's holiday at Murren, but whose mother (Miss Dorothy Dix: even better) wished to keep him by her side. It is all rather a storm in a teacup perhaps, but one would like to be certain. A curious thing which strikes me about this by no means uninteresting play is that although I enjoyed it at the time and thought it on the whole a creditable piece of work, on analysis I find that it has not very much merit. From which I assume that while it will not satisfy the critic, the more indulgent, perhaps more intelligent, and certainly less blasé playgoer may just as well go and see it for himself.

What induced the management of the new Embassy Theatre to allow "The Seventh Guest" to be performed on its boards is a question as impossible to answer as how Mr. James Bernard Fagan came to be mixed up with "The Beetle," the new play at the Strand. Both are thrillers, and neither is in the very slightest degree thrilling. On the whole I prefer "The Beetle," because footling as it is, it does contain a germ or two of originality, and some little trouble seems to have been expended upon its production. It should be drastically reconstructed, and the dialogue rewritten so that the characters do not without exception talk like a book—no doubt like the language of Mr. Richard Marsh's "Famous Novel" (*vide programme*) from which three people, by arrangement with a fourth, have adapted it. "The Seventh Guest" reminded me of a recent play called "Whispering Gallery," and nothing could be more damning than that.

Giorgio de Chirico, who has a well-established reputation on the Continent as leader of the "Surrealist" group, is an Italian, born in Greece in 1888, and now settled in Paris, after studying art in Athens, Rome, Florence and Munich. Few of his paintings have been seen in London, and he is now having his first "one-man" exhibition at the galleries of Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons, 155, New Bond Street. The Surrealist group, like all exponents of new artistic ideas, has suffered considerably in the public estimation through its less serious members and imitators; whatever one may feel about Chirico's work, it has the stamp of an absolute sincerity. He is never odd in order to be amusing or to gain a cheap effect; his work has the sobriety of the antique Greek on which the majority of it is founded, and is often so severe, sombre even, that it is superficially unattractive. Such works as "Le Philosophe," some of the "Trophées," "Les Marathonienens," "Les Muses du Foyer," have this quality, but what they lack in charm they make up in dignity of design, and in the impressiveness of their boldly treated intersecting planes which remind one sometimes of a fine piece of architecture. Chirico can also paint in a more or less naturalistic manner: indeed some of his latest work shows this, such as the charming "Fleurs," the "Chevaux se cabrant," and the two or three pictures of Gladiators.

The British Polychrome Co. gave a demonstration one day last week at the Plaza Theatre of some of their latest films taken with their improved colour process. These consisted mostly of "fashion" pictures, also of photographs of flowers, fish, animals, gardens and landscapes, "bathing beauties," &c. The process has certainly improved considerably during the last year or two, but is still far from satisfactory as regards the "naturalness" of the colours. The objects represented, instead of being made up of infinitely subtle gradations of one or more colours, consist of an ordinary photographic black and white background with a uniform shade of the required colour superimposed upon it: this method, though applied with the greatest skill, destroys the luminosity of colour and can never be entirely true to nature. At the same theatre was shown last week a film entitled "The Street of Sin." The story of this,

concerned with the love of a burglar for a Salvation Army "lassie," was as foolish as its title, but the film, in spite of the very poor and psychologically absurd material, was distinguished by the really remarkable acting of Herr Emil Jannings and Mlle. Baclanova. Hollywood has so far failed completely to find a tolerable story for Herr Jannings since he went there from Germany, though he is probably the best serious screen actor there is. Mlle. Baclanova is one of the very few film actresses who has beauty of a really interesting kind; she is never insipid and all her movements are significant.

\* \* \*

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, October 20th.—

Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Old Songs and Ballads, Æolian Hall, 3.

Orchestral Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.

Lamond, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.

Reginald Paul, Pianoforte Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Royal Albert Hall, 2.30.

Sunday, October 21st.—

Dr. Walter Walsh, on "The Limits of Modernism," Lindsey Hall, 11.

Film Society's picture—"Mother," the film by Vsevolod Pudovkin, New Gallery Kinema, 2.30.

Mr. John Russell, on "The Heart of 'G. B. S.'," Hampstead Ethical Institute, 59, Finchley Road, 11.15.

Monday, October 22nd.—

"Fortunato and the Lady of Alfaqueque," by the brothers Quintero, translated by Mr. and Mrs. Granville-Barker, at the Court.

"The Mollusc," by Mr. Hubert H. Davies, at the Comedy.

"Charlot, 1928, Revue," revised version, at the Vaudeville.

"As You Like It," at the Old Vic, 7.30.

Professor William E. Dodd, on "President Wilson and the American Entry into the Great War," School of Economics, 5.

"Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" a Debate between Miss Margery Fry and Captain Arthur Evans, the Wireless, 9.35-10.35 p.m.

Tuesday, October 23rd.—

Ruzena Herlinger, Song Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.

"77, Park Lane," by Mr. Walter Hackett, at St. Martins.

Wednesday, October 24th.—

The German Singers at Southwark Cathedral, 1 p.m., and at the Royal College of Music, 8.15 and 9.30.

"The Critic," by Sheridan, and "The Two Gentlemen of Soho," by Mr. A. P. Herbert, at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

"Virginia," musical comedy, at the Palace.

Miss Lilian Baylis, on "Aims and Ideals in the Theatre," the Wireless, 9.15.

Thursday, October 25th.—

Professor P. J. Noel Baker, on "The League of Nations," Morley College, 61, Westminster Bridge Road, 8.

Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, on "The Place of Science in Western Civilization," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.

"Carmen," at the Old Vic, 7.45.

Friday, October 26th.—

League of Nations Union, Public Meeting, Address by the Prime Minister, Royal Albert Hall, 8.

OMICRON.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

FROM THE ATHENÆUM, OCTOBER 22ND, 1828.

SHOP IN BOND STREET.—To be Let, at the moderate yearly rental of £80, a small shop, in the best part of BOND STREET, near PICCADILLY, admirably suited for a Bookseller, Music-seller, Engraver, or other branch of business, where an attractive front, without much interior space, is required.—Apply to the Printer.

## THE PLATEAU, ZACATECAS

THE long land rolls in shadows to the South,  
League after league of dim blue mountains fading  
Beneath that mantle of the morning sun,  
Child of the Dawn, the pearly fog-bank shading  
The cactus and the aloe from the drouth  
Of the white noontide's parching fire begun.

The cactus and the aloe sway the land,  
With the warm wind that bringeth the dim dust  
Singing adown her valleys waterless  
Across dried lakes and arid river-sand,  
Salt pools encircled by a whitening crust,  
Gray stones piled deep from ages numberless.

The lean land rolls in valleys to the North  
And South, and West, and East beyond all seeing,  
Barren and brown and scoured by the sere wind,

When day by day the lonely cloud-pack fleeing  
Casts a swift shadow as it passes forth,  
Beyond those floors with never a trace behind:

Her summer breeze blows softly through the bones  
That bleach for ever in the unchanging light  
To mark some wayfarer's memorial  
Where the lean lizard basks upon the stones,  
Alone amid the days' relentless flight  
Token and sign of things corporeal.

The cactus and the aloe sway the land  
With the warm wind that bringeth the dim dust  
Singing adown her valleys waterless  
Beyond dried lakes or barren river-sand,  
Salt pools encircled by a whitening crust,  
Gray stones piled deep from ages numberless.

D. W. BISHOPP.

## London Amusements.

### MATINEES FOR THE WEEK.

DRURY LANE. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

FORTUNE. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

CAIETY. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

GARRICK. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.15.

SHOW BOAT.

"NAPOLEON'S JOSEPHINE."

TOPSY AND EVA.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH.

KINGSWAY. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.15.

LONDON PAVILION. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

ROYALTY. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.

"THUNDER ON THE LEFT."

THIS YEAR OF CRACE.

EXCELSIOR.

BIRD IN HAND.

### THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.15.

Matinees, Wednesdays and Fridays, 2.30.

"PLUNDER." A New Farce by Ben Travers.

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

COURT (Sloane 5137.)

MONDAY NEXT, at 8.15

(Subsequently at 8.30). MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., 2.30.

### FORTUNATO

and

### THE LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE

By SERAFIN & JOAQUIN ALVAREZ QUINTERS

(English Version by Helen & Harley Granville-Barker.)

DRURY LANE. (Temple Bar 7171). 8.15 precisely. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

### "SHOW BOAT." A New Musical Play.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 0313.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.

MATHESON LANG

ISOBEL ELSOM

and Robert Farquharson in

"SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS."

FORTUNE (Temple Bar 7373.)

"NAPOLEON'S JOSEPHINE."

EDITH EVANS.

ATHENE SEYLER.

LESLIE BANKS.

LEON QUARTERMAINE.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

MATS., THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

CAIETY. EVENINGS, 8.15.

### DUNCAN SISTERS

In their Musical Play, "TOPSY AND EVA."

Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.

Gerr. 2780.

GARRICK. (Gerrard 9513.)

NIGHTLY, at 8.15.

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH."

Produced by BASIL DEAN.

Mats.: Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.15.

HIPPODROME, London. Evenings, at 8.15.

Gerrard 0650.

MATINEES, WEDS., THURS. & SATS., at 2.30.

"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL."

JACK BUCHANAN.

ELSIE RANDOLPH.

KINGSWAY. (Holb. 4032.) Nightly, 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ANGELA BADDELEY in "THUNDER ON THE LEFT."

By Richard Pryce, from Christopher Morley's Novel.

LYRIC THEATRE. Hammersmith. WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 8.

(Subsequently at 8.30.) 1st Matinee, Saturday, October 27th, at 2.30.

"THE CRITIC." "The Funniest Play in the English Language."

Followed by "TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO." Riverside 3012.

### THEATRES.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30 (except Mondays). Mats., Wed., Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

GLADYS COOPER in "EXCELSIOR."

Ernest Thesiger, Nigel Bruce, Athole Stewart, Hermione Baddeley.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 2690.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.

BARRY JACKSON presents

"BIRD IN HAND."

A Comedy by JOHN DRINKWATER.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Gerr. 1243 & 3416.)

HUGH WAKEFIELD.

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## THE WORLD OF BOOKS

## FROM MOSES TO WELLINGTON

I HAVE travelled from Moses to Wellington through Mary Queen of Scots, John Law who, though born in 1671, anticipated the most dazzling financial fireworks of our brilliant modern financiers, and Charles James Fox. The journey, an extremely interesting one, was only made possible by the present craze for historical biography. It is surely a remarkable fact that in a single week it is possible to read five new biographies—of Moses, Mary Queen of Scots, John Law, Charles James Fox, and Wellington—and I could, if I had had the time and courage, have added a sixth, two enormous volumes on Abraham Lincoln. The mere names of the five biographees are worth a moment's rumination. Observe that the modern biographer is prepared to write the life of a man who probably never existed and about whom we can know nothing with certainty, Moses, in the same detail and with the same psychological elaboration as in the case of Fox and Wellington, about whose actions, words, and thoughts we possess a vast mass of documentary evidence.

\* \* \*

As regards the merits of these five volumes, two stand out by themselves. "Charles James Fox," by John Drinkwater (Benn, 25s.), and "Wellington," by Oliver Brett (Heinemann, 15s.), are serious books, both historically and biographically, in a sense in which "Mary Queen of Scots," by Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert, translated from the German by Mary Agnes Hamilton (Cape, 10s. 6d.), and "John Law, a Fantastic Financier, 1671-1729," by George Oudard, translated from the French by G. C. E. Massé (Cape, 10s. 6d.), are not. These two books, dealing with Queen Mary and Law, are entertaining in their modern way. They are hybrids, produced by crossing biography with fiction, and then again crossing the progeny with history. As a result you get about three parts fact to one part fiction. If you like reading about the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries and historical characters in a form which is always not quite that of the historical novel, you will like these books. The pill of fact is frequently gilded with the drama of dialogue, and history is simplified to a story. In this case, both the stories are good, and that of Law has the advantage of being comparatively little known. "The Life of Moses," by Edmond Fleg, translated from the French by Stephen Haden Guest (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), has a pedigree really not very different from that of Mary and Law. It is a highly imaginary and heavily dramatized life of Moses, and since very much less is known about Moses than about Queen Mary or John Law, the proportion of fact to fiction is different in the biography of the Lawgiver from what it is in those of the Queen and of the financier. The book has received considerable praise from reviewers, and Mr. Arnold Bennett calls it "impressive." Heavily pretentious, written in semi-biblical language, terribly serious, mystical and inspired, it is the kind of book which only the sternest sense of a reviewer's duty can force me to read. It seems to me to be more oppressive than impressive. However, I daresay a good many people would not agree with my view of M. Fleg.

\* \* \*

Mr. Drinkwater's and Mr. Brett's biographies are in a different category. The kind of dramatization attempted

in the other books is not to be found in these: neither Mr. Drinkwater nor Mr. Brett seek to trespass from the territory of the biographer or the historian on to that of the novelist, and I do not see that their books are any the less readable. They have chosen for their subjects two of the most fascinating characters in English history. Mr. Drinkwater gives us a life-size portrait of Fox, not merely as a man, but as a politician; his book is something more than a biography; it is a study of Fox's place in the political development of England. It is an interesting book, much the best of Mr. Drinkwater's that I have read. No man has ever had a greater share of personal charm than Charles James Fox, and it has affected biographers and historians as well as his contemporaries. On the other hand, few people even to-day can bring an unprejudiced eye to the examination of his politics and his political career. In consequence, nearly everyone who writes about him takes sides. Mr. Drinkwater has completely succumbed to the charm, and he is all for Fox. I lean the same way myself, but I think Mr. Drinkwater really goes a little too far in putting the biographical telescope to his blind eye when he has to look at his hero's failings and failures. The political ineffectiveness of Fox throughout his life is a remarkable fact which requires more explanation than it gets in this book; it can hardly be accounted for merely by the fact that Fox was a Liberal before his time. It had its roots, I think, in a certain weakness of character which was apparent whenever Fox was in office. Again, Mr. Drinkwater's wholehearted defence of Fox's coalition with North in 1783 is not entirely convincing. It was an act which indicated both weakness of character and weakness of political judgment. Nevertheless, Mr. Drinkwater has written an interesting book. It contains a certain amount of new material, some of it from the Hinchinbrooke papers. It is not of first-rate historical importance, but is of biographical value. The plum is Mrs. Fox's diary, which contains a curiously pathetic record of a meeting between her and George IV. at Brighton in 1824.

\* \* \*

Mr. Brett's biography of the Duke has much the same kind of merit as Mr. Drinkwater's. It is written with less skill, and Mr. Brett has not yet learnt the art which conceals the seams and joins in the fabric of a book. But he has succeeded in giving one a distinct, and in some respects new, vision of one of the great "characters" of history. Wellington was a great man, but his greatness was entirely that of character, of personality. His realism, his common sense, his peculiar integrity of purpose, all these sprang from the singular fact that the ego of Arthur Wellesley, unlike that of other men, remained through life an impermeable atom. Mr. Brett shows us how that atom developed into the conqueror of Napoleon and the Nestor of English politics. What gives to his book real life and freshness is the fact that, without belittling or denigrating Wellington, in the modern manner, he yet makes one see the limitations and littlenesses in Wellington's character. When the Duke emerges from the ordeal, he is perhaps less of a hero, but he is still the great "character," and more real and more understandable.

LEONARD WOOLF.



## REVIEWS

## NEW NOVELS

- Point Counter Point.** By ALDOUS HUXLEY. (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.)
- My Brother Jonathan.** By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)
- Lafcadio's Adventures.** By ANDRÉ GIDE. Translated by DOROTHY BUSSY. (Knopf. 7s. 6d.)
- The Closed Garden.** By JULIAN GREEN. Translated by H. L. STUART. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
- Jerome, or the Latitude of Love.** By MAURICE BEDEL. Translated by L. J. MORRIS. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.)
- The Old Expedient.** By PANSY PAKENHAM. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)
- Into Thin Air.** By HORATIO WINSLOW and LESLIE QUIRK. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)
- The Sea Mystery.** By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)
- All Abroad.** By H. W. YOXALL. (Faber & Gwyer. 7s. 6d.)
- A Tiny Seed of Love.** By SARAH SALT. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)
- The Silver Thorn.** By HUGH WALPOLE. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)
- Joseph and His Brethren.** By H. W. FREEMAN. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

MR. HUXLEY has taken a leaf out of "Les faux-monnayeurs." He explains what he is up to in extracts from the note-books of one of his characters who is a novelist. "The musicalization of fiction . . . on a large scale, in the construction . . . a theme is stated, then developed, pushed out of shape, imperceptibly deformed, until, though still recognizably the same, it has become quite different . . . parallel contrapuntal plots. While Jones is murdering a wife, Smith is wheeling the perambulator in the Park. . . . Reduplicating situations and characters . . . several people falling in love, or dying, or praying, in different ways—dissimilars solving the same problem. Or, *vice versa*, similar people confronted with dissimilar problems. In this way you can modulate through all the aspects of your theme, you can write variations in any number of different moods." The authors of "Ulysses" and "Mrs. Dalloway" have already experimented with this method. Mr. Huxley gets some neat effects from it, but I cannot feel that his book is a triumph of form. Perhaps the reader's unfamiliarity with such a method of composition is to blame, perhaps the extension in time of the themes is too great for us to grasp their relationship, perhaps the brilliance of the embroidery blurs the design. Whatever the cause may be, "Point Counter Point" seems to me to differ from Mr. Huxley's previous books chiefly in its greater length and moral seriousness. Another pertinent quotation from the note-books: "Novel of Ideas. The character of each personage must be implied as far as possible, in the ideas of which he is the mouthpiece. In so far as theories are rationalizations of sentiments, instincts, dispositions of soul, this is feasible. The chief defect of the Novel of Ideas is that you must write about people who have ideas to express—which excludes all but .01 per cent. of the human race. Hence the real, the congenital novelists don't write such books." Apart from the statistics, which seem rather optimistic, this statement is true. What has Mr. Huxley left the reviewer to say about his book?

To say that the ideas are usually ingenious and most wittily expressed is hardly necessary. Mr. Huxley is probably the cleverest novelist alive. He draws upon great erudition, and his reading has been scientific as well as literary. Moreover, he does not write with one wary eye cocked on Mr. James Douglas or Sir William Joynson-Hicks. He is an intelligent adult writing for his fellows. But the most remarkable thing about him is his misanthropy. When a foreigner asks what is the most marked characteristic of modern writers in English, there can be only one reply—"Their hatred of life." In London mews, in Berkshire cottages, on the hills of Fiesole, by the waters of Trieste, the typewriters never cease tapping out their jeremiads. When the violence of their denunciations frightens the London printers, the type-setters of Dijon and Florence take up the wondrous tale. Avid collectors cry for further gall, and lamentation is put upon a business basis. The odd thing is that most of these prophets are professional believers in "Life," though they detest all those who live it.

Mr. Aldous Huxley was never a frivolous writer. But

he is gradually throwing off all disguise, and we may hope soon to see him with a biretta on his head, denouncing the Sins of Society from the pulpit in Farm Street. In his new book he is much concerned with Mr. D. H. Lawrence's philosophy of life, and makes one of his characters its mouthpiece. And how much more clearly than the Master does he deliver the message! But he cannot really believe in it: like the novelist in his book, he is too intellectual. Moreover, his contempt for the world is too all-embracing. "Timon will to the woods." But what will he find there? The cowardice of birds, the conservatism of beasts, the self-seeking of trees. It is only in the most abstract, that is the most civilized, works of men, that Mr. Huxley can find comfort, in the architecture of Wren, the music of Bach.

One final point. "Point Counter Point" follows "Lady Chatterley's Lover" in suggesting that the increase in consciousness is destroying all happiness. What eventually are these precious instincts which men are allowing machinery and intellect to stifle? Is there really any reason to suppose that modern artisans have an emptier emotional life than their yokel ancestors? Are our intellectuals in any sense less passionate than other people? (Sometimes one cannot help wishing they were.) But to Mr. Huxley the whole world is a waste land; the girdle of chastity and the apron mountant are equally contemptible: every character in his book is a fool or a knave. The only deduction from this attitude is the Raskolnik gospel of universal suicide. But it is this ferocity which makes Mr. Huxley so interesting as a writer.

"My Brother Jonathan" has nothing but bulk and price in common with "Point Counter Point." In popular novels cleverness is usually an appanage of virtue; the villain is outwitted by the hero. In higher class fiction the Balzac tradition more often prevails: all the able characters are knaves, goodness is inseparable from gullibility. Mr. Brett Young, who is a very high-class writer, makes his hero a victim from the first, destined by his high-mindedness to a frustrated life and a premature death. Jonathan's parents are frauds, Dickensian in their transparency, his professional rivals are unscrupulous scoundrels, and the girl he adores consents to marry him only when he is beginning to care for someone else, and when she is pregnant by his brother, who is, in turn, an attractive sponge. Jonathan dies as a result of an operation by which he has saved his worst enemy's life. It all seems very sad, but after all did he not always do what he really wanted? Self-sacrifice is one of the most habit-forming pleasures, and an addict like Jonathan would contrive to indulge in it even in the most adverse circumstances, that is, with wise and prosperous parents, sympathetic colleagues, and an adoring wife. Mr. Brett Young has a cultivated style, an observant eye for externals, and highly honourable convictions, but his books never deviate into psychological or aesthetic significance.

At this time of the year new novels fall thick as leaves about the reviewer's head, and with the best will in the world one can write only a few words about those one reads, and read only those that look most promising. Here are three French books which I have not reread in English, but which, if a page here or there can be taken as a test, seem very competently translated. André Gide is certainly the most interesting French novelist alive, and "Lafcadio's Adventures" ("Les caves du vatican") is one of his best books. A fantastic comedy, it includes the famous *acte gratuit*—a murder without conscious motive committed on the principle of art for art's sake. Anyone who wishes to understand contemporary French literature must read this enchanting book. "The Closed Garden" ("Adrienne Mésurat") is a long, and, I think, boring book by a young American who writes in French. His first novel, "Avarice House" ("Mont-Cinère") was one of the few tolerable books written in the "Wuthering Heights" tradition. "The Closed Garden" strikes me as discoloured Mauriac. "Jerome" is in the Giraudoux manner. It is a joke at the expense of the Norwegians which rebounds on to the French. Quite amusing. "The Old Expedient" starts brilliantly, but eventually fails to be either a good story or a telling allegory. But the author's second book should be worth looking for. "Into Thin Air" is a very feeble American detective story, which in my innocence I was induced to read by the publisher's outrageous praise of it. "The Sea Mystery" is good Free-

man Wills Crofts—unexciting, but admirably reasoned. Mr. Crofts, like Monsieur Valéry, practises his art in its "purest" form. "All Abroad" is an easily written, easily read, story, describing the intrigues, political and erotic, of a young Englishman in a Central American Republic. The author is too fond of playing upon words (the Oxford Union Manner), but the cynicism of the book is agreeably quiet. "A Tiny Seed of Love" is a collection of stories which remind me of those well-intentioned but uninspired nudes in the manner of Marchand or Segonzac which cover the walls of Montparnasse cafés. In fiction, as in painting, to be disagreeable is not enough. Miss Salt is clever, but her work lacks savour. The stories in "The Silver Thorn" are in a different way equally unsatisfactory. Mr. Walpole is interested here in the pathos of ineffective people, but he does not succeed, I think, in making it seem important. Mr. Mottram, in a very tiresome introduction, compares Mr. H. W. Freeman to Miss Kaye-Smith and Mr. Munnings, but "Joseph and his Brethren" is well worth reading. Mr. Freeman has resisted the temptation to be either powerful or picturesque. And his book is the most probable description of English farm life that I know.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

### MR. BELLOC STILL OBJECTS

**How the Reformation Happened.** By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

THE fact that this lively and ingenious work appeared in a Roman Catholic journal of a popular type is the key to its character. Mr. Belloc still objects, not only to Mr. Wells's "Outline of History," but, if not to history as such, certainly to what is regarded by persons of education in general as history. This is not because he is a Catholic; the greatest authority on history in an age of historians, Lord Acton, was a Catholic: but because he is—Mr. Belloc. "He has come to believe (it has been said) that there is a vast 'modern European' culture of which the English-speaking world knows nothing, of which the non-Catholic world knows nothing, but with which he is familiar. He does not quote it—it does not exist for him to quote; but he believes that it exists. It is a necessary part of—I will not say the Catholic, but of his personal attitude towards modern knowledge." It was unknown to Acton, to Döllinger, and to Duchesne. And such rhetoric as the references to "Gibbon's essentially unhistorical mind"; or to our "official teaching" as producing "bad history, and never worse than when it is honestly trying to be what a modern jargon calls 'objective'"; or, almost in the same breath, to "fools who tell us, in that same jargon, that history (and everything else!) is 'subjective'"; or to the Christology of the Reformed Churches as explaining the Incarnation away "until the awful figure of a God Apparent fades into that of a mild young man at a loss"—suggests rather the oratory of the pulpit than the reasoned judgment of the historian. Mr. Belloc is, perhaps, not a theologian. He speaks, e.g. (p. 78), of "an obscure Syrian peasant being the Almighty Creator of all things." The reference appears to be to a work which Mr. Wells would describe as the "Summa Theologiæ of Hilarius Belloccius." The opinion in question is not that of the Theological School.

But, when these *Idola Specus*, the overgrowth of a too exuberant personality, have been allowed for, something remains to be said. For, except where what will seem to most of us an affected and somewhat irritating pose with regard to "European culture" comes in, there is much that is suggestive in this genetic study of the Reformation. In particular may be mentioned (1) the author's appreciation of Calvin, who has the merit of being a Frenchman—and this for Mr. Belloc, if it does not outweigh, at least palliates, his heresies. "It was the French spirit, though the northern French, the less generous, the people that had no vineyards"—here is a characteristic touch—"that produced Jean Cauvin, whose book, character, and organization provided form and substance for Protestantism"; (2) his recognition of "the Mohammedan international factor of the time, which was overwhelming"; (3) his candid admission of the short-

comings of the Church; "the Papacy failed (e.g.) to play its part"; "political Rome misunderstood the scale and character of the upheaval"; with regard to Indulgences, "there was damnable abuse in practice"; that in general there had been "a crystallization of religion. By which term I mean a hardening of what had been elastic and fluid, a growing of the letter against the spirit, an exaggeration of routine and precise rule." And that there had been "a new cause of friction, a lifetime old; the Pope had become an Italian prince in German eyes." All this is admirably put.

The "special personal hatred of Catholicism" which to Mr. Belloc, not without reason, appears to be characteristic both of the Reformation and the Illumination requires to be explained. Why was the Church so hated? Not, surely, for its good works, but for its evil. The leaders of those movements were assuredly not ignorant either of the world in which they lived or of the Church in which they had been trained—the Encyclopædists in particular had been the pupils of the Jesuits, "the most straitest sect of our religion." And their conscience and heart revolted. We need not either echo their *Ecrasez l'Infâme*, or defend their iconoclasm: human nature is a mixed magnitude; and right things may be done in a wrong way. But the writing was upon the wall; and its interpretation was clear. "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." And, "thy kingdom is divided." The Church had become one of the Churches. There is all the difference in the world between the two things. "The ethical and the dogmatic parts of the Gospel were unhappily turned against one another. On the one side, was a Church, built (it was believed) by Christ or Peter, against which the gates of Hell should not prevail. On the other a sect, scoffing at the Scriptures, shooting out the tongue at Popes and priests and sacraments; but ready to encounter principalities and powers in the cause of justice, mercy, and truth." The choice was, or seemed to be, between the two.

The part played by England in the conflict of the Reformation was decisive; it was indeed no less so than her accession to the Western rather than to the Central European Powers in 1914. And, "historically nonsense" as it may appear to Mr. Belloc, it was no less necessitated. "I call this (he says), the most important division of my subject, the English Accident. I have chosen the word with care." It is surely singularly ill-chosen; so much so indeed as to show an entire and fundamental misconception of what history is. History is an ordered and rational process on whose main lines and in reference to whose essential issues Accident has no place. The geographical position of this country, the racial affinities of its mixed population, its past, the manifest urge of its future—all determined its attitude in the religious parting of the ways in the sixteenth century as necessarily as in the political crisis of our own. It was neither Henry VIII., nor Thomas Cromwell, nor Cranmer, nor Calvin, nor "that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth" who set England afloat on the rising tide of the Reformation. Puppets in the hand of Destiny!

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will."

In a passage of genuine philosophical insight Mr. Belloc calls attention to the character of the attack on the Church of the sixteenth century: it was, as he says, "intense, fanatical, and therefore unscrupulous." (Let no man be shocked by this last word, for it is truthful. Fanatics are unscrupulous, precisely because they are sincere upon a narrow issue. The attack believed in itself profoundly. Its hatreds were of the flaming sort.) The combatants have changed their respective positions. No one will associate fanaticism with the drowsy and inert Protestantism of our generation. It is in another quarter, in the great and venerable Church, "that august and fascinating superstition," as Macaulay calls it, which Mr. Belloc champions so vigorously both in its strong and its weak points, that it is to be found. In his counterblast against the Reformation you have crudity, but you have also energy—a religion of hatred, thinly veiled fear, and scorn. But *vis consili expers mole ruit sua*. Rhetoric is not history, nor controversy inquiry. Truth, like the woman we love, must be approached for her own sake, not for our gratification: the most odious form of profligacy is illicit intercourse with ideas.



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**The English Bible and its Story.** By JAMES BAIKIE, D.D., F.R.A.S. (Seeley & Service. 10s. 6d.)

**The Living Bible.** Edited by BOLTON HALL. (Knopf. 15s.)

**The Universal Bible Commentary.** Edited by C. H. IRWIN, D.D. (Religious Tract Society. 7s. 6d.)

**Peloubet's Bible Dictionary.** (Religious Tract Society. 10s. 6d.)

**Reasonable Biblical Criticism.** By WILLIS J. BEECHER, D.D. (Religious Tract Society. 7s. 6d.)

Of these five volumes, the first only is likely to appeal to readers with intelligently modern views; and even Dr. Baikie's work is designed for the young or very "average" reader rather than for the student. Dr. Baikie devotes most of his volume to retelling, in simple, popular, interesting fashion, the familiar story of our English Bible. But he gives us a few prefatory chapters in which he describes the alien origins of what has long been our greatest national book, and he concludes with a certain amount of criticism. The labours of modern scholarship, he says, in his final summing-up, have taught us to see the Bible "not as a finished product, sent complete into the world at a certain time, and unrelated to and unaffected by its place and environment; but as the living growth of a score of successive periods, its form largely determined by the conditions of its time and place, illustrating the history of the past, and equally illustrated by it—a living Word, spoken to living men of its own time, but with an abiding significance for all time, as all truth must have." There is, of course, nothing fresh or remarkable in this conclusion. But we have quoted it because it expresses succinctly a view of the Scriptures which the other books on our list, with the exception of "The Living Bible," seek to combat. "The Living Bible" itself is merely an abbreviated Bible, from which the least important sections, such as the genealogies or repetitive books like "Chronicles," have been wholly or partially omitted, and in which the four Gospels are condensed into a single composite narrative. We fail to see why we should spend fifteen shillings on an Authorized Version reduced to a third of its normal size, when we can so easily ignore, in an ordinary edition, what we do not wish to read. But "The Living Bible" is printed in America, where apparently people are ready to pay for predigested spiritual, as well as physical, food.

The remaining three books are less interesting in themselves than as an indication of the strong position which fundamentalism, or orthodox evangelicalism, still enjoys. "The Universal Bible Commentary" and "Peloubet's Bible Dictionary"—the first an English work and the second an American—are, of their own kind, excellent productions and are certainly good value for money. But both volumes represent a religion based on the assumption that the account in "Genesis" of the creation of the world is substantially true, and that the method of access to God is by sacrifice. And since their cheapness could only be justified by confidence in a large circulation, both volumes may be taken as evidence that in thousands of Sunday Schools the literal interpretation of the Old as well as the New Testament is still taught. It is a chastening fact for believers in the power of intellect. Ideas may indeed revolutionize society. But how gradual is the process!

Still, "it moves." That whispers of modernism are penetrating even into the most carefully guarded sanctuaries of conventional religion is attested by Dr. Beecher's book. Dr. Beecher is a sort of Protestant Jesuit; and, though he is often clumsy and superficial, it cannot be denied that he is sometimes very subtle and ingenious. What he really attempts is to keep the modernist wolves at bay by throwing them an occasional concession. His method is to accept scientific or modern-critical explanations of various parts of the Bible—as, for instance, of some of the miracles—where these explanations can be made to support, but not to question, the Bible record. But "one is on the wrong side," he says, "if, finding an apparent discrepancy between a biblical statement and evidence taken from some other source, one takes it for granted that the other source is to be preferred to the Bible." It is clearly Dr. Beecher's aim to placate the young rebels in his own fold by giving them the illusion, without the substance, of modernism. But such an

endeavour is doomed to failure. For the issue between modernism and the older evangelicalism is not in fact, though it may be in theory, one of Biblical criticism. The battle is between two different conceptions of the whole function of religion. Evangelicalism, whatever may be its larger implications, is essentially concerned with a man's personal salvation in a world to come, and that salvation depends, by a magical process, on "belief" in a Saviour who by vicarious sacrifice has appeased the wrath of an angry Father. The standards of the modernist, on the other hand, are primarily ethical; this present world is the place in which the kingdom of Heaven is to be established, or at least begun; and for him "salvation" implies an at-one-ment with the still living spirit of Christ, who was crucified, not in deliberate propitiation for our sins, but because His ideals came into conflict with those of His own time. A synthesis of these apparently irreconcilable views of Christianity may some day be attained. But that day is not yet; and Dr. Beecher certainly does not impress us as being a herald of it.

GILBERT THOMAS.

## THE BOLSHEVIK ACHIEVEMENT

**The Russian Revolution.** By JAMES MAVOR. (Allen & Unwin. 21s.)

**Lenin.** By VALERIU MARCU. Translated by E. W. DICKES. (Gollancz. 21s.)

**Leninism.** By JOSEPH STALIN. Translated by EDEN and CEDAR PAUL. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

It is the peculiar virtue of history as a profession that it has always to be rewritten since what was clearly established one day is obviously false the next. It would be interesting, for instance, to write a history of nineteenth-century thought based simply on the evidence of the changing certainties of historians and men of letters about the French Revolution. Twentieth-century conflicts are likely to be similarly mirrored in discussions of the achievements of the Bolsheviks. Thus Professor Mavor need not have prefaced his admirable history of the Russian Revolution with the remark that the events are too recent for a "right historical perspective." There is indeed no such thing. But his claim to be "objective"—which means to write without so strong an animus on one side or the other as to prevent the consideration of evidence which is repugnant to his theory—is well justified. Facts about the Revolution are accumulating rapidly, and the student who wishes to form his own view of Bolshevism from English sources will now find that if he supplements Professor Mavor's work with that of Mr. Maurice Dobb, he has a considerable body of reliable material.

It seems improbable that the Bolshevik Revolution was of comparable importance with the French, for the French Revolution was one of the great watersheds of history, intellectually as well as practically—a dramatic moment which divided men sharply into clericals and feudalists, on the one side, and rationalists and liberals on the other. Its interpretation of liberty, equality, and fraternity was, as Communists insist, a partial interpretation in the interests of a class, but these ideals persist even when the particular institutions which were to establish them for ever show signs of wear and tear. The Bolshevik Revolution is a real attempt to apply the idea of equality socially and universally. As such it is an important, though a very ill-conducted, experiment. But Bolshevism has now little else to offer. Its intellectual output is meagre, and such a sterile book as Stalin's "Leninism" fairly illustrates its qualities. Bolsheviks are tacticians, not thinkers, dogmatists struggling for priority of dogma, hurling anathemas, dividing the faithful, and everywhere making the task of men and women who share the aspiration after social equality incomparably more difficult. The writings of the Bolsheviks will survive as the fulminations of Athanasius or the field dispatches of Napoleon—they will, that is to say, interest the specialist in the tactics and propaganda of revolution just as the works of Athanasius interest the historian of heresy hunting or the dispatches of Napoleon are valuable to the military historian. To everyone else they are indescribably dreary.

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It is as tacticians, therefore, that we must consider the leaders of the Bolshevik Revolution. And there is no doubt that Lenin was one of the world's great men of action. Markov's biography is well translated and is the most serviceable book on Lenin which has yet appeared in English, in spite of its uncritical attitude, its excessive and somewhat wearisome effort after the picturesque, and its lack of proportion. Its account of Lenin after the Revolution is skimmed and almost valueless: its account of his early life and exile is revealing. Lenin was an effective person—he was almost always sure of himself, had no scruples, could bide his time and at the critical moment act decisively. He was particularly remarkable in Russia because he had habits of efficiency. And inefficiency had reached grotesque proportions under Tsardom. Established institutions do not yield directly to the onslaught of reason. They are only supplanted when they have ceased to serve the most obvious and elementary services. Tsardom did not give way until trains, blocked in by one another in endless succession on the same line, had to be rolled down the embankments to enable the latest arrivals to approach their destination, until hundreds of thousands of soldiers knew what it was to lie in open country exposed to the enemy's guns without a cartridge amongst them, until the censorship of books had ceased to be effective and become ludicrous (in 1900 Markov tells us, the Russian censorship had prohibited the mention of one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six specified topics); it was not until Russia was full of starved and ignorant *sansculottes* that even the "bourgeois" revolution could take place. That the Bolsheviks overthrew the Kerensky Government was due to several factors—chief amongst them that it was persuaded by the Allies to pursue a hopeless and terrible military campaign, and that it was almost as inefficient as Tsardom and as lacking in business ability as all Russian Governments have been between that of Peter the Great and Lenin. Its intentions were, of course, excellent: when Lenin was putting its agrarian proposals into force, he remarked: "What a party, that one must beat them and turn them out of government in order . . . to put into practice all that there was of value in their programme."

Lenin knew what he wanted, not occasionally but all the time. His loyalty was undivided and his fidelity to his idea ruthless. The Liberals were divided, as most decent and practically ineffective people are, between a variety of loyalties; they were not only set on power and successful revolution, but were fond of their country, of liberty, and other bourgeois abstractions. Thus it was not they but Lenin who succeeded the Tsar. The Tsar had no loyalty. On the day of the announcement of a great Russian defeat he busied himself with his favourite occupation of rook shooting, noting in his diary: "Had a long stroll, killed one crow, and went for a row on the Gatchina." The same defeat made patriotic Russians grieve for their country's ignominy, and it led Lenin, who like the Tsar, was above patriotism, to analyze carefully the political situation. He noted in his diary that it was Tsardom not Russia which was really defeated. He rejoiced in the military defeat of his country because it brought Revolution nearer.

Lenin was capable when everyone else was palsied. But whether his decisive power has much permanent significance is a more doubtful question. The present Government of Russia perpetuates almost every oppressive feature of Tsardom. The peasants in Russia have their land: they would have taken it whether Lenin had approved or not. The year 1917 changed Russia as 1789 changed France. Both became distributivist States in which power, in the long run, must belong to the peasant proprietor. This is not, of course, the whole story, and Bolshevism may have achieved more in the sphere of education and of economic experiment than at present appears. But the historian is confronted in the case of Lenin with the usual difficulty about the man of action. What did his terrible efficiency and splendid slaughters accomplish towards any end which will seem of value fifty years hence or which compensates for the sacrifice of a single individual life? There may be something which one misses, but at present it is well hidden.

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sphere of hostility the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed by Wellington with the help of Peel. The Reform Bill found him far more adamant, entrenched actually and metaphorically behind his iron shutters. The truth was that the Duke never realized the significance of the changes through which England was passing at that time. The military experience which, as Mrs. Buchan relates, enabled him to guess with a fair degree of accuracy what kind of country lay behind each hill, failed to translate itself from war to politics. The advocates of Parliamentary Reform were classed virtually amongst the "damned fools" by the Duke. He was far from perceiving that behind his hill was stretched an extensive plain comprising the results of the industrial revolution and the shifting of government into democratic hands. Mrs. Buchan breaks no lance for the Duke's Toryism, but she does defend his motives when circumstances drove him finally to support the Bill, for reasons of expediency alone. Actually, the Duke lost all his battles as a conservative politician; the forces of progress were too strongly set against him. Nor were his personal relationships with statesmen of a kind to help him in his task. They were subject to misunderstandings and continual strain. Mrs. Buchan's memoir probably throws more light on Wellington's character, with its consistencies and contradictions, than most of his contemporaries were ever privileged to see.

### HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

**A London Bookman.** By FRANK SWINNERTON. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

MR. SWINNERTON is more widely known as a novelist than as a critic, a reason, no doubt, for his having been chosen by the editor of the *NEW YORK BOOKMAN* to write a London letter for that paper every month for eight years. These letters have now been collected into a book, and recall faintly, but with some of the charm of a distant echo, literary and literary-social life in London from 1920-1927. It is inevitable that the interest of many of them is negligible. Obituary notices are rarely essays in criticism, and although it is the duty of a foreign correspondent to produce them on occasion, they are best forgotten. And when there are no eminent deaths to record, he is usually obliged to choose a subject of contemporary, and often passing, interest, about which he cannot always form a proper estimate before the mail leaves. His obligations, therefore, are those of a journalist, not of a critic unless, in the dead season, he can substitute for the news-letter an essay which he has had time to prepare. Mr. Swinnerton is an excellent journalist, and seldom dull. Moreover, he knows exactly what his readers want, and supplies them with little packets of information that must have been welcomed at every transatlantic tea-table and club for eight years on end. Here, for instance, are a few of the labels from these packets: Psychoanalysis, Gilbert Frankau as a hero, La Garçonne, Titles for Novels, A. C. Benson, Tauchnitz.

In 1924 two packets arrived in New York, containing Mr. Swinnerton's views on Virginia Woolf and her friends. The fact was that Mr. Swinnerton had just read Mrs. Woolf's pamphlet about Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown, and as a novelist was incensed at the liberties she had presumed to take with Mr. Bennett's reputation, not to mention Mr. Galsworthy's and Mr. Wells's. Not content, however, with a single opponent, he challenged the whole pack, and their "views upon life and art." "By hunting all her subtleties, by skating off into fancifulness, she thinks to evade the whole business of the creative writer," he says of Mrs. Woolf, and adds: "It really is not to be done." Now, one wonders, what the "whole business" is, and why Messrs. Bennett, Galsworthy, Wells, and presumably Mr. Swinnerton himself should have the prerogative and not Mrs. Woolf. Apparently the answer is that she and the rest of the pack are "sophisticated and self-conscious, &c."; and because Mr. Swinnerton cannot remember a single character in any of Mrs. Woolf's novels, she is therefore incapable of creating one. He seems to have forgotten Jacob, Mrs. Dalloway, and Mr. Ramsay, and to have passed over the fact that "creative writers" are not of one mould, that Jane Austen is not reproached for not being Dostoevsky, nor Balzac for not being Proust.

But he goes further and attacks their mode of life, their intellectuality, "their abstention from the normal life of the community." On these no longer purely literary grounds, his attack is not without foundation, since it is probable that intellectual inbreeding does tend to induce sterility. But Mr. Swinnerton, like most theoretical reformers, offers no solution, unless it is a careful study of the three writers he names; what he does provide is entertainment for his readers, and he is at his best in these two essays, where he imitates the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

### THE WORKS OF TOLSTOY

**Tolstoy Centenary Edition.** Vol. 13.—**Twenty-three Tales.** With an Introduction by MADELINE MASON-MANHEIM. Vol. 17.—**Plays.** With an Introduction by HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. Translated by Mr. and Mrs. AYLMER MAUDE. (Oxford University Press, and Milford. Nine guineas for 21 volumes.)

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Materially, the edition is well printed on good paper, adequately bound, and pleasant to hold and handle. Some people may find the print rather small. Each volume has an introduction and an illustration. If the illustrations are going to be like those in these two volumes, we think it would have been better to have none. What possible point can there be in having an undistinguished picture of Martin, the cobbler (from the story "Where Love Is, God Is"), to "illustrate" twenty-three tales? If ever there was a writer who did not require illustration, it was Tolstoy. His scenes and characters, even when he is not at his greatest, seem to be cut out of the solid rock of reality, and to read of Martin the cobbler makes a feeble picture of an old man sitting at a window simply silly. The introduction to each volume is by a different hand. Mr. Granville-Barker's is interesting on the subject of the effect of Tolstoy the moralist, on Tolstoy the artist in his plays. The introduction to the other volume is only just over two pages.

### ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE torrent of biographies continues. Here are a few which have just been published: "The Magnificent Montmorency," by C. H. Hartmann (Routledge, 12s. 6d.), which tells of the life and death of Henri Duc de Montmorency who was executed in 1632; "William Heinemann," by Frederic Whyte (Cape, 15s.); "William Randolph Hearst," by John K. Winkler (Cape, 12s. 6d.); "The Life of Alcibiades," by E. F. Benson (Benn, 12s. 6d.); "Stage Favourites of the Eighteenth Century," by Lewis Melville (Hutchinson, 21s.); "Crime; the Autobiography of a Crook," by Eddie Guerin (Murray, 12s.); "Wolfe in Scotland," by J. T. Findlay (Longmans, 15s.), an account of Wolfe's military experience in Scotland in the rebellion of 1745 and from 1749 to 1753; "Houdini, an Unsolved Mystery," by Harold Kellock (Heinemann, 21s.), the biography of the man who could not be bound.

In "20 hrs. 40 mins.," by Amelia Earhart (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), is an account of the Atlantic flight by the first woman who flew the Atlantic.

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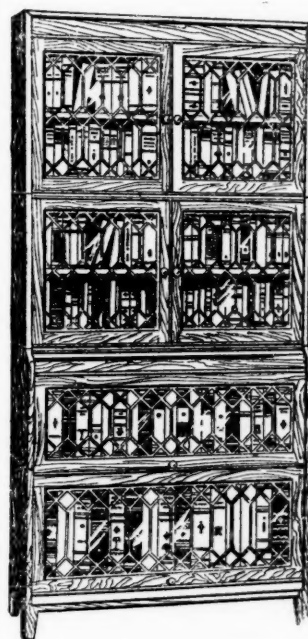
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Beaten Track in Southern France," by Roy Elston (Bell, 8s. 6d.), is a travel handbook dealing with some of the less well-known places in Southern France.

"The Bon Vivant's Companion," by Professor Jerry Thomas (Knopf, 7s. 6d.), is a reprint of a book which first appeared in 1862. It contains recipes for mixing drinks. The present edition has an interesting introduction by Herbert Asbury and amusing illustrations from papers between 1860 and 1880.

## NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

### H.M.V. RECORDS.

Two of the H.M.V. orchestral pieces this month illustrate how extraordinarily good the recording of the orchestra can be now. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra plays Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony (Five 12-in. records. D1473-7. 6s. 6d. each). Technically the records are very fine. The difference between the good and the indifferent orchestral record is now mainly to be found in tone or in the power of reproducing the orchestral ensemble, particularly in *forte allegro* or *presto* passages. Otherwise excellent records often degenerate into a discordant blur as soon as such a passage in which wind, woodwind, and strings are playing is reached. But here the recording of the storm in the 4th movement is as technically perfect as that of the purling stream in the 2nd. The playing of this famous orchestra under Herr Schalk is very good. The other orchestral record is Bach's Prelude in E flat minor and "I Call Upon Thee, Jesus," played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra (D1464. 6s. 6d.). The purists may object to this treatment of Bach, but the music is so beautiful and the playing and recording so admirable that we can only be grateful.

There is an exceptionally fine Chaliapine record this month. He sings "Ave, Signor!" from Boito's "Mefistofele" and "Vi Ravviso," from Bellini's "La Sonnambula" (10-in. record. DA962. 6s.). Another good record, so far as singing and recording go, is "Mon Cœur s'ouvre à ta voix" from "Samson et Dalila," and a beautiful air of Handel's, "Laschia ch'io pianga," sung by Maria Olczewska, contralto (12-in. record. D1465. 6s. 6d.).

Kreisler and his brother Hugo, on violin and 'cello with piano accompaniment, play "Sanctissima" and an arrangement of the intermezzo from Bizet's "L'Arlesienne" (12-in. record. DB1166. 8s. 6d.). The playing is, needless to say, admirable, though the violinist rather overshadows the 'cellist. Mischa Levitzki, in pianoforte solos, shows very high skill in two extremely difficult pieces, "La Campanella" and a staccato study of Rubinstein, but the music has little more to it than difficulty (12-in. record. D1489. 6s. 6d.).

### BELTONE RECORDS

The best Beltone record is "Old 124th" and "Selma," an old Scottish Psalm tune, played on the organ by A. M. Henderson, Organist, University of Glasgow (6108. 3s.). The following are 2s. 6d. records: "The Tiger" and "Young Tom o' Devon," sung by Fred Wilshaw, tenor (1403); "Drake's Drum" and "The Vagabond," sung by John Roberts, baritone (1402); "The Barrin' o' the Door" and "The Tinker's Wedding," sung by Elliot Dobie, bass (1399).

## THE BOOKS YOU WANT

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## THE OWNER-DRIVER

### A BRAINY INDUSTRY

THE Motor Show at Olympia is nearing its close, and at the moment there is some doubt whether it will cease to be an annual event. Many members of the trade are of opinion that it involves unnecessary expense, but it is hard to believe that the industry as a whole does not benefit by the world-wide publicity such a magnificent exhibition receives. Incidentally it would be a nasty blow to the hotel, restaurant, and theatrical interests if the Show dropped out of the calendar, for it attracts tens of thousands of visitors to the Metropolis. I have never known the principal hotels more crowded in Show-time.

The "Baby class" is unquestionably the outstanding feature of the Exhibition. The smallest cars have attracted the biggest crowds, and thousands of corpulent husbands and fathers who have been induced to "try the seat" have been astounded to find comfortable accommodation for four adults in a £125 saloon! I heard a man of sixty, tall, dark, and handsome, say there was more leg room for the driver in the 7 h.p. long wheel base Jowett than in his 20 h.p. limousine. The value offered in the Austin, Clyno, Jowett, Morris, Singer, and Triumph is almost unbelievable. The coachwork and accessories in 1914 would have cost more than the complete cars of to-day.

There is no other industry in this country in which so much brainwork is evident. Metallurgists are finding the lightest and strongest metals, designers are getting more power out of smaller engines, factory managers are cheapening production methods, and the utmost ingenuity is being displayed in providing spacious coachwork on short wheel base chassis.

The fact that we are a car-proud nation is not being overlooked, and I have been delighted to discover that there is a strong determination to cater for those who want distinctive coachwork even on the cheapest chassis. One or two firms have been doing good business in this respect for some time, but with an increased production of diminutive chassis there is room for still more enterprise, and it is not lacking.

One firm of coachbuilders—the Hoyal Body Corporation—are exhibiting on a Morris Minor £100 chassis a four-seater coach-built saloon, with red leather upholstery, beautifully finished. The body costs £75 only, but it is as handsome as the coachwork on many £400 to £500 cars. The makers are of opinion that the demand will justify such price-cutting and enable them to clear a small profit.

There is much scope for speciality bodies built in moderately large quantities, and there is nothing more pleasing in the Show than the enterprising efforts of wide-awake coachbuilders in this direction. The firm I have just referred to are showing on a 20 h.p. Daimler a £200 saloon, cleverly designed, made of first-class materials and equipped in most lavish fashion. A single body could not be produced for anything much less than £400.

Much has been written about the mechanical features of the Show, but far too little credit has been given to those who have raised the standard of British coachbuilding to such a high level. Flashy colour schemes may arrest the attention of passers-by, but I have spent hours this week admiring details which not one visitor in ten thousand has seen. All the Hooper bodies are fitted with a metal plate at the rear end of the running boards to prevent stones thrown up by the front wheels from striking the bottom of the back wings and damaging the enamel. The extreme rear of the wings suffers even more from blows due to stones thrown up by the driving wheels. Hoopers have devised a special shield on the underside of the mudguards to break the shock. These ideas can only emanate from enthusiasts profiting by their road experience. The same firm distinguish themselves in great as well as small things, and it would take far more space than is at my disposal to mention all the wonderfully interesting points in their Show models. They are upholstering their seats with lizard skins and woven leather. The latter is unique, and it is British.

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*Bona-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any of their motor inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. They should be addressed: Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.*

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## FINANCIAL SECTION

## THE WEEK IN THE CITY

## B.A.T.—CENTRAL BANKS AND SPECULATION—BALDWINS—BREMEN HANSA BANK

ON Tuesday of this week the industrial share market had a bad attack of nerves. Dealing became difficult in the shares of a number of recent introductions and issues. The weight of new issues of the speculative type must before long have its effect. The market will begin to suffer from its usual indigestion and the prices of the 1s. to 5s. gambles will slump badly in consequence. The shares of old-established industrial companies may react in sympathy for a time, but that will not be serious. Tobacco shares have once again proved that it pays not to forsake the industrial "leaders." British American Tobacco shareholders have received a bonus of one new ordinary share of £1 and one new deferred share of 5s. in the Tobacco Securities Trust for every eight shares held. If the £1 ordinary shares of the Tobacco Securities Trust, entitled to a non-cumulative dividend of 15 per cent., are valued at £3, and the 5s. deferred shares, entitled to 50 per cent. of the surplus profits, are valued at 10s., then the bonus works out at one eighth of £3 10s., i.e., 8s. 9d. At £7, allowing for bonus and accrued dividend, B.A.T. shares yield about 4 per cent. net on last year's dividend of 25 per cent. tax free. The motive behind the creation of the Tobacco Securities Trust, which takes over certain investments of the B.A.T., has not been disclosed. The Imperial Tobacco Company will benefit because it holds about a third of the B.A.T. capital. It should be put plainly to the directors of Imperial Tobacco that they have little excuse left for denying their own shareholders any longer a substantial bonus.

Professor Cassel has some pertinent remarks to make in the October quarterly of the Scandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget about the discount policy of a central bank and Stock Exchange speculation. It is no business, he says, of a central bank to try to check speculation in securities; it has quite enough to do to keep the level of commodity prices constant—it cannot be expected to regulate the level of security prices. The demand that a central bank should intervene against a Stock Exchange boom (which is often made in the Press) is based, in Professor Cassel's view, on the fallacy that a rise in stocks and shares draws capital away from real production. If money flows to the Stock Exchange for the purchase of shares at higher prices, the sellers of the shares must get exactly the same amount at their disposal as the buyers have invested. No new capital is thereby demanded. It is only on the issue of new shares that the Stock Exchange makes a drain on capital, and the greater part of the new issues is to provide business firms with money for new production. Indeed, Professor Cassel inclines to the view that an upward movement on the Stock Exchange results in a larger supply of capital for productive purposes than would otherwise be the case. The flood of new industrial issues in London this year is surely a case in point.

The iron and steel market has actually provided an event of the week. To pay off certain debenture stock and loans and to obtain £385,000 of new money for their business, Baldwins Ltd. are issuing on Monday next £1,000,000 6 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at 96½. The prospectus makes the interesting statement that 60 per cent. of the Company's turnover is now derived from tin plates and sheet, 25 per cent. from pig iron, rails, ship plates and boiler plates, and 15 per cent. from coal. Moreover about 65 per cent. of the tonnage of the coking coal and about 30 per cent. of the gas coal produced are consumed in the works of the Company. This issue of debentures was foreshadowed in the scheme of capital reorganization put forward last June and approved by the stock and share holders. The Company had to meet capital losses of £3,786,432. The very complicated scheme of reorganization provided for (a) writing down the 4,154,155 ordinary shares from £1 to 4s. denomination; (b) writing down the

1,543,693 5 per cent. tax free "B" preference shares from £1 to 14s. denomination and splitting them into 10s. "B" non-cumulative 7 per cent. preference and 4s. ordinary shares, the "B" preference being convertible up to 1933 into 4s. ordinary at the rate of two preference plus 5s. premium for five ordinary; (c) converting the 250,000 5½ per cent. cumulative preference shares into "A" preference with a 6 per cent. dividend—non-cumulative until a dividend is paid on the "B" preference; (d) paying off the £500,000 4½ per cent. debenture stock at par; (e) converting the £2,118,700 7½ per cent. debenture stock as to 35 per cent. into 6½ per cent. debenture stock, as to 20 per cent. into 5 per cent. income debenture convertible into ordinary shares at 5s. per share, and as to 45 per cent. into non-convertible income debentures redeemable at 120.

This was a highly complex reorganization scheme, and its full significance will not be realized for years. The Stock Exchange, however, with native instinct, promptly marked the 7½ per cent. debentures down from 82 to 71½—these have since recovered to 80—and the ordinary shares up to 5s.—these have since risen to 6s. 4½d. The new 6 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock will, of course, rank in priority to the existing debentures, being a first specific mortgage on land, buildings, plant and investments and a first floating charge on the remaining assets. The net assets are valued at over five times the amount of the present issue. The service of the debentures, including a 1 per cent. sinking fund, requires £70,000 which is covered on the net earnings for the year to June 30th, 1928 (a year of great depression) nearly three times. The directors are confident that the present rate of earnings will at least be maintained in spite of the depression in the iron and steel trades, and that benefits will be secured from the new rating relief proposals and other reductions in operating expenditure. The yield at the issue price of 96½ of £6 4s. 6d. per cent. annually and £6 5s. 3d. with redemption at 102 in 1964 may be considered good for the security offered, but if the earnings of Baldwins are on the upward grade, the junior securities—the old 7½ per cent. debentures and "B" preference shares—will have an increasing speculative attraction in view of their conversion rights.

Among the issues next week the offer for sale by Messrs. M. Samuel & Co., in the form of participating certificates, of a £1,400,000 25 year 6 per cent. sterling loan of the Bremen Hansa Bank, deserves mention. The State of Bremen was one of the original Free Hanseatic Corporations. It has had local autonomy since 1303, and its people have always been very active traders. The port is the second largest in Germany, and has the greatest volume of cotton imports of any port on the Continent. The Bremen Hansa Bank was formed to assist the economic development of the State (which has undertaken to supervise its activities) by making advances against mortgages on houses and business premises. The whole of the 10,000,000m. capital has been subscribed in cash by leading firms and banks. The security of the loan consists of (a) the unconditional sterling obligation of the Bremen Hansa Bank; (b) the undertakings of the merchants and other firms to whom advances are made to repay those advances in sterling on such terms as to cover the services of the loan; (c) gold mark mortgages, granted on a 40 per cent. basis, to the value of 110 per cent. of the loan apart from the safeguard of having the State of Bremen supervising and co-operating with the Bank. At the issue price of 94 the bonds yield £6 7s. 6d. per cent. annually and £6 9s. 9d. per cent. with redemption at final maturity in October, 1953. The sinking fund will operate by half yearly drawings at par from October, 1930. The loan compares not unfavourably with the Cologne 6 per cent. loan standing at 95½.



